



now in different ways,
and shall I hardly would
where I spent my convert

Chorus.

memories of my convert
art always,
n to a spot to me dear,
where I spent my convert

o wept when I knelt
for many a year,
s who led me to Cal-
the town too, I hear,
ill return to that blest
deep emotion betrays,
y life's changes I never
re I spent my convert

land that I never have
e far distant sea,
my memory that ever
earth's places to me,
in slumber the Lord took
my many delays,
from the Cross scatters
sin,
ere I spent my convert

the cradle of the deep
A.D. 50.

the Cross I feel,
baptism from God but hell;
the Blood I sought,
my Saviour bought.

Chorus.
Is Blood for me,
in my sin be free,
ve proved its cleansing
at this very hour.

sin I felt,
in, and guilt,
to deep despair;
then said, "Child, why
y?"

It as the gift
e, my sin to lift,
e lost his power,
by grace from hour to

Ido Salvation.

Tospeal bulls,
many a nation,
s everywhere,
Army of Salvation,
m, we love so dear,
and our shining
our Saviour's name,
s bl- st Army
s night.

Chorus.
my drum,
yful news to all:
In the slum,
e Saviour call.

re praising Jesus,
d the Army drum,
retched sinners,
own in sin,
saved and marching
unks to-day,
God's service
watch, and pray.
Trumpeter Howell.

I bring the scent of
oss the footlights, it
g a drama on the
ofessional saying in
ye. Unless we can
e of Christ and Cal-
and work, it is no use
rk for God and the
or Nicol.

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THE WAR CRY

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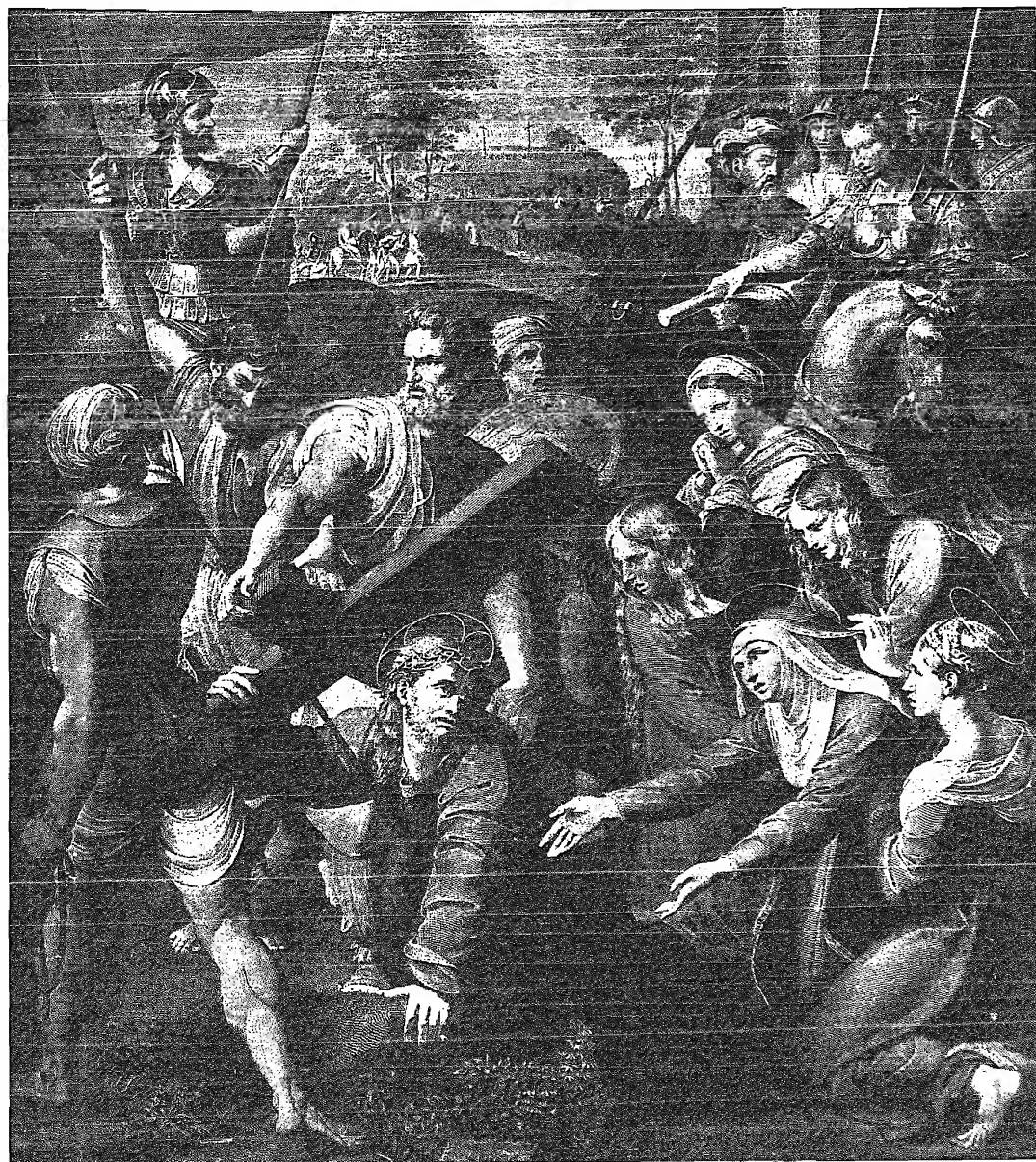
15th Year, No. 7.

WILLIAM BOUTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOUTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for ME."

Bliss and Blister.

Cowardice is the greatest giver of alms.

A waste of time makes a want of eternity.

Heaven seems high to him who is descending.

Don't ring the bell of prayer and run away—wait.

A ton of pain is lighter than an ounce of shame.

Make your character like your Master's coat—seamless.

Prejudice is a more dangerous enemy to Truth than Falsehood.

To correct one's style means to correct one's thought—nothing else.

Truth never proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

Christianity is not a kind of lofty sentimentalism; it is practical work.

The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.

There is not enough religion in the world to admit of the assimilation of religions.

Not when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

For many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

Tribulation and sorrow are the only bleaching agents that will whiten the robes of God's people.

We would probably find our consciences as hard to bear were we permitted to select them ourselves.

You may blurb the Scriptures into a boy, but you won't make him search the Scriptures as a man.

Some people's religion is like measles—you never know they have it until something warms them up.

When a sermon is driven home, it drives the hearer away from home to preach the Gospel to others.

The man who makes bread his philosophy will never get enough out of it to pay for the stuff he puts in them.

"Christianity applied" is the only thing that will bring salvation and set the halcyon chorus rolling around the world.

"My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is in my breast;
My bliss is in my breast."
—Robert Southwell.

MY PRIDE.

By CAPT. THORIKILLSON.

Looking over my former career as a man of the world, there certainly was nothing to be proud of. Still, as a proud and haughty soul I kept on for many a dark and dreary day, holding on to what was false, and exalting myself from what was right and true. But all my pride could not keep out condemnation, nor help me from sinking under the burden which condemnation brought, still less could it ever shake off the chains of habit and vice. On the other hand, it hindered me, by bringing in fear of coming into collision with the customs and opinions of others, from taking the step that the voice of God and my own conscience and reason told me to take. And after taking that step, fear of appearing foolish kept me for a long time, from doing things I should have done, and out of blessings I otherwise may have enjoyed.

Of course, by leaving out all for Christ's sake, we may look foolish to the people who can not or will not look above material things, but fear of appearance, when we know we are right, does not come except our pride leads us to seek some selfish vain glory. I

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

Sunday, November 20th, to
Saturday, November 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

know that while in and of the world, trying to drink of wells without water, looking to emptiness itself for my fulness, and trusting in things that would sink and perish with myself, that

I was a Fool.

Since I turned to the Lord, and commenced to drink of the water of life freely, I have been told plainly that I was very foolish. But to-day I can say, that as many times as I can count to, rather will I be considered a fool and simpleton, with the power and peace and joy of the everliving God in my soul, than be, and know to be, an empty, dissatisfied, pleasure-hunting, worldly fool, as before. Walking up toward the other morning, a drunken man was staggering along ahead of me talking to himself and cursing as he went on. Overtaking him, he noticed me, and seeing that I was a Salvationist, he started to talk. His words are not fit to be put on paper, but he managed in his own way to tell me all about his misery, and at last he said:

"Sometimes I feel I would like to be a Christian, but I would never, never, walk the streets with the Salvation Army; no, not for fifty dollars."

And why? Too proud, of course. I might have said that I would not walk the streets with anybody in the condition he was, for ten times fifty dollars, but I did not. To-day I do praise God because I am not like other men, but I do praise Him that the pride that stopped me from being a praying man, and kept me ageing, as a drunken, cursing man, is dead and all gone.

Self-Development by Self-Sacrifice.

Looking out for one's self is poor business. Forgetting one's self in the pursuit of whatever is worth living for, or worth dying for, is a very good business. He who spoke as never man spoke said that "whoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it," but whoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." This truth needs saying over and over again, because it is contrary to the wisdom of the world, which is in accord with the wisdom which God approves. A well-known woman, who ought to know better, and, indeed, whose life has shown that she does know better, has recently said, "Put it down in capital letters that self-development is a higher duty than self-sacrifice." Yet it is written in letters of blood and of living light all along the centuries, that the true mode of self-development is self-sacrifice. Whoever would attain to true manhood or true womanhood must be ever ready to sacrifice self in order to develop others and to honor God.—S. S. Times.

"NOW THAT YOU DON'T WANT ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, AND JEWELRY, AND FINERY WITH WHICH TO ADORN YOURSELF, YOU CAN AFFORD TO HELP US IN THE EXPENSE INCURRED IN DRESSING OUR SAVIOUR'S CROWN WITH STARS FOR EVER."—Commissioner Nathan.

"YES, this sin which has sent me weary-hearted to bed and desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness and the earth of spring time, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness—this blasting sin which perhaps has made my bed in Hell for me so long—this can be conquered. I do not say annihilated, but better than conquered, captured and transfigured into a friend; so that I at last shall say "My temptation has become my strength; for to the very fight I owe my force."

[SHORT STORY.]

THE SHIP CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

From an Old F. O's. Note Book.

WEST HARTLEPOOL, on the East Coast of England, is not without its history, as far as all sorts and sizes, go in and out of its harbor, bringing all sorts of cargoes and people. One Saturday morning in September, 1880, a fine vessel came in from Spain.

The Captain was a widower and on his vessel was a bright girl of twenty summers, who was the Captain's daughter, and the Captain's idol. Wherever her father went, she went, and she had only to make her wants known to have them supplied. But between wants and needs there is often a wide difference. Edith, as we shall call her, had visited and seen all the ports of the world; she was dressed in the latest and most costly fashion, but still her heart was hankering and thirsting for something more. Traveling, and dressing, and dancing, and being flattered by the world could not satisfy the inward cryings of the soul, for it is written, "Whoever drinketh of THIS water shall thirst again, but whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

The next day after her arrival at West Hartlepool, Edith took a walk up the town to pass away the weary hours of Sunday. Near the Theatre Royal she heard singing, and stopped to listen.

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee,
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee."

were the words the Salvation Army were singing. Edith asked herself the question, "whether if that's what it is?" she entered. The door-keeper said, "No room below, miss; try the top gallery." She did so, and found a good seat. There were nearly two thousand people in the hall, mostly working men and their wives, but how free they seemed; very different to any place of worship she had ever attended. How they sang! Then a man got up at the Captain's bidding to tell what God had done for him—how he went at it, till the perspiration rolled off his face; then he pulled off his coat and went on, while "Hallelujahs," and "Amen's," made the theatre ring. After that the Captain said he would read the first three verses from the second chapter of Hebrews. While he read and spoke, the truth came to her heart and she felt sure the Captain was talking straight at her, and that several times he went so far as to point at her. As soon as the prayer meeting began, she got up, and went home; but so as she would she could not get that Sunday's meeting from her mind.

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,"

would ring in her ears, and that question that was asked in the three verses the Captain read,

How Shall we Escape if we Neglect so Great a Salvation?

would force itself upon her mind over

and over again. She resolved at last she would go again on the following Sunday evening. She went, but kept well back where the officer could not see her, but the truth found her out, and at the close of the meeting, she, with several others, knelt at the penitent form. God heard her cry and set her free.

She returned to her father full of joy, and told him she would stay in Hartlepool now, as she had found what her soul needed (salvation). She joined the corps and began to work for God, and since that time has won many others over to Christ, and I heard last summer that she was still satisfied and working for the salvation of others.

Wm. B.

S.-D. Crackers.

Self-Denial is essential to success in the Salvation War.—The General.

Most men are slaves to their appetite, and can scarce deny anything to the flesh, and are therefore willingly carried by it to their sports, or pleasures, or vain companions.—Baxter's Saint's Rest.

In Holland a Captain, during the Self-Denial Week, spent her time nursing cholera victims. When the doctor found out what was the matter with the patients, he sent for assistance at once to the Salvation Army, believing that we are always ready to help.

A corps' captain, making a Self-Denial collection in the open-air amongst the poor, a washer-woman stepped up to him and said, "Captain, I am a poor, hard-working woman, and have not much, but if you will accept these two shillings I shall be pleased."

A man who lived in the same house with one of our French soldiers, came to his aide one night in a state of intoxication, and said to him, "Captain, I am going to drink another pint, when suddenly the thought came to me that this was your Self-Denial, and I decided I had better give this money to you for your work."

Mind, no one can refuse self-denial without incurring the consequences. To visit the sick, and the prisoners, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; all these are acts of self-denial, and my Bible tells me of a crowd who went to hell charged with the offences of not doing these things, but still many who are doing them will go to the same place as those that are not.

William Carey counted it a joy to deny himself for the poor Indians. Here is what he wrote on one occasion: "I have not been dry day nor night from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition, and at night I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But," he adds, "God steps in and helps me."

I repeat, there is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others. "He that would be great among you," said Christ, "let him serve." He that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy to give than to receive.—Drummond.

If you will give anything, give bountifully; take your hands full, as if you were sowing, like the poor widow with her two mites, which she showed out freely though it was her whole substance. But the rich ones were not so liberal, but covetously offered only what they could spare very well. Is it not said we should sow? Now seedmen sow with hands full, and so should we. What we do to our neighbor, is the same as if it were done to God Himself. If done in faith and love.—Bogatinsky's Golden Treasury.

"The whole Bible is an inventory of the things that are freely given to us, and yet we cannot reckon our wealth, for 'all things are yours.' Possessing the one unspendable gift, Jesus Christ Himself, is 'possessing all things.'"

"As every man hath received the gift, even the same. How will you do this? Can you make it a matter of shillings or pounds, or dollars and cents? Is that what you have received? Is that as you have received? Will you not say 'I will freely sacrifice with Thee?' Sacrifice! What?—Francis Redley Havergal.

LAMENTATIONS

Of Ex-Sergeant Demas Over Self-Denial Week.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN DEMAS AND A STRANGER.

BY THE GENERAL.

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Stranger: Well, Sergeant, I am glad to see you again. How are you? And how are your dear friends, the Salvationists, going on? I haven't forgotten the happy night I spent with them the last time I was this way, nor lost the blessing I received for the money at that meeting. I shall always be thankful for your introduction. I want to know more about them. I hope they are as hot as ever, for I need as I need warming up.

Demas: Well, yes, I remember the occasion to which you refer—it was a good meeting. They used to have very lively times at the mid barracks, but I don't think they are doing as well now, I haven't been up lately.

An Awkward Reminder.

Stranger: Why, Sergeant? What's over is the matter? When I was here before, your wife told me that there was no keeping you away—that she was afraid you were neglecting your business for the meetings, and you will remember she laughingly suggested that you should have a trundle bed underneath the platform, have your meals brought up, and stay there altogether.

Demas: Yes, I confess that I was very much taken up with the Army in those days; but my views have undergone a change since then, and I see things now in quite a different light, and I feel it my duty to draw off a little.

Stranger: Surely you are not throwing them up? But I see that you haven't got the tricolored ribbon on your coat as you had before, and I do not see the "Grace before Meat" Box on your counter, and there is no placard hanging up in the shop telling me what is going on at the barracks—surely you have not deserted your old friends?

Sergeant: Well, no—not exactly. I think they still have my name on the roll, and the Captain is down here about every other day bothering me about going to the meetings; but, to tell the truth, they don't do things altogether in a way I approve of—in fact, there has been a great deal going on there for a long time which is contrary to my judgment. I bore with it for a while, but at last I took my stand, and unless they alter they won't see any more of me or of my money.

Stranger: Come, this is a sudden change! It cannot be more than six months since I was here, and you were frankly in love with the Army from top to bottom, the General, the officers, and the way they thought; in fact, don't you remember recommending me to go home and get our Society turned into a Corps, the Church into a Barracks, and make our Minister Captain, and then offer the whole lot to the General?

Sergeant: Yes! I talked some random stuff then, I guess, as I have often done since; but those are not my sentiments to-day.

Stranger: Well, random or not, you have evidently been backsliding a bit going down to Ludlow, as the Captain called it at that wonderful meeting. But what is the real reason of this alteration?

The Collection Obligation.

Sergeant: Well, to tell you the truth, the chief thing that I did not like in the Army was the everlasting begging. It was give, give, give, from morning till night; never a meeting indoors or out, without a collection, and sometimes more than one. Juniors, or Socials, or Quarterly, or Foreign, or something, until I got sick of it.

Stranger: Well, I suppose they cannot carry on the Corps without money, to say nothing about the great work that the Army is admittedly doing up and down the world. The Captain and the Treasurer and the rest of them did not put the money into their pockets, did they?

Sergeant: Oh, no! They paid it away, I suppose, in Officers' Salaries, Rent of Barracks, Gas, and the other things for which they begged it.

Stranger: Just so! And I expect you had a fair share of the service of the Officers and the use of the Barracks and other things? And you

know you said when I was here that you got your soul saved in the dear old place, and your wife also, and one of the children, and that the Officers worked like galley slaves, and there was more done for the money at your Corps than any place of worship in town. Come, now—you had a good pull out of the affair, and you ought not to begrudge helping to pay the expenses.

Sergeant: Well, yes! There is something in that; but then, you see, there was so much of it, and you can have too much of a good thing, can you not?

A Simple Sum in Addition.

Stranger: But I might ask you to put down what you think the saving of your soul was worth, and to add to it the value of the souls of the Missus and the boy, and then the value of keeping you all saved. And then I might ask you to total the amount, and then to calculate whether you thought you had paid as much as it would come to. But I won't pursue that line of argument, but ask, is this the only reason you have to give for leaving your friends to fight the battles without you?

Sergeant: Well, that is not quite all. It was the Self-Denial Effort, as they call it, that they have just commenced, that was the last feather; and I said as soon as it was mentioned that I could stand it no longer. I had my fill of that affair last year.

Stranger: Self-Denial Effort? Will you please explain what that is. It is an institution I have not heard of before. Of course, I do not know much about the Army, as I said at the beginning, and I shall be glad if you will give me a little information.

What is Self-Denial Week?

Sergeant: Well, you see, a week is set aside by the General in which the Soldiers of the Army in every part of the world make a special effort to raise money for the War. Every one is expected to give all they possibly can out of their earnings, and if they have any savings they must bring some of them out. And more than that, if they have any clothes they can do without, or any relics in the shape of jewellery, or the kind that would fetch money, they must sell them. And then they are expected to cut down their living expenses—do with plain food and generally deny themselves of all luxuries for that one week especially, and send the money they have to this fund. They all set to work begging right and left, of their relatives and neighbors, and one way or another they get together a very respectable sum of money.

Stranger: Well, I am sure that sounds excellent! All at it, and all at it in different ways, and all at it all the week, denying themselves and giving the money to help their Saviour—that must be good. But do they do anything else besides gather the money?

Sergeant: Oh, yes. They fast and pray, and hunt up the backsliders, and suppose they will put me down as one of them for the coming week, and I shall be mobbed, morning, noon, and night, and they have special meetings for days before, early and late. I must confess that there was last year a great stirring up of the soldiers, and the Captain said that there was a great deal of good done.

What is Done with the S.-D. Money?

Stranger: You interest me very much. I must know more about this plan, and lay it before our Clergyman on my return, and see if I cannot persuade him to do something like it. Now, pray tell me what do they do with the money they raise in this manner? I suppose you object to it because you think they waste it in decorating the barracks, re-furnishing officers' quarters, sending the Captain and his wife on furlough to the seaside, feasting the Soldiers, or—

Sergeant: Oh, no! They would not get a penny if it was thought they spent the money on such things.

Stranger: Well, then, on what do they spend it?

Sergeant: Well, there are a lot of things all clobbered together. For instance, among other things in connection with this Self-Denial Week there is just coming on, they want, they say, to help to Missionize the Millions of India, where they have already got hundreds of Native Officers, and want to train a large number more; to carry on the war amongst the colored people of the towns and cities of South Africa, and the Natives in the Native Reservations. They want to push the battle in Japan, where they have already got Soldiers and Cadets; and in Java, where among other converts they have twenty Chinamen in one Corps; in France, where the work is so difficult; and Germany, in Belgium, in South Africa, and a great many other places. Then a part of this money, they say, is going to support the Officers in the Storm, to rescue the poor lost girls of the streets, and assist the Workless in the Labor Factories and Shelters. In short, the string of things which has been brought out and spread before us, for which they want help, is simply enormous.

A Self-Denial Convert.

Stranger: Well, doesn't that sound most attractive? Who would not like to deny himself to help forward such mighty and Christlike operations? I shall do my best, I will be true to you. You must give me the date of the week. I will write it down in my pocket book, and though I am a little short just now, I must scrape up something some way or other, and send it along—but I shall do some fasting as well, if only for the mere pleasure of offering the Lord a gift which costs me something, to help forward a work which must be so near His heart. Don't you think so?

Sergeant: Well, yes. That is all very good, but, you see, there is no end to this kind of thing! The more you give the more you must, and in fact, the more you must in the Army. I believe that if the General could only see the day when all these things he has about were adequately supported, it would simply encourage him to go in for something fresh the day after. It is my opinion that it is not the General only who is always discovering some outlandish people who need saving, or some poor wretches who are next door to starvation, but that there are lots of Officers about him who are always pushing him on. It is not my business now, but were I allowed to give a little advice, I should say that I think the time has come when the General should sit down contented with what he has already got on his hands, and have a little peace himself and let other people have a little as well; but there, bless my soul, it is no use, and I am going out of the whirl of the thing for a time anyhow.

Stranger: But here—stop a bit! Tell me more about the raising of the money. Do the Officers fix the amount every man has to give and punish him in some way if he does not come up to the mark?

The Voluntary Principle.

Sergeant: It has not exactly come to that yet, although I expect it will do eventually. At present at least it is all voluntary; but everyone is put on their mettle and urged on with arguments, pleadings, and appeals until a man feels miserable unless he does something that will nearly equal the exertations of those about him.

Stranger: What amount did your Corps raise last year?

Sergeant: Well, you see, our Corps has 150 Soldiers, and they raised about

£100. There is a large sum for a few poor people to have to get together.

Stranger: Yes, so it is. Did you contribute at that sum yourselves?

Sergeant: No, not exactly. There are a few people round about us who are in sympathy with the effort. They won't give us anything at any other

time of the year, but they say when they see us doing so much in the self-sacrificing way—every man, woman and child denying themselves—that they cannot but for shame assist us, and I think the amount they contributed was £25.

Stranger: Well was not the object, by your own confession, worthy of the struggle they made?

Porridge and Potatoes with Thanks

Sergeant: Oh, yes, I must say it was, and I think everybody else thought so, but it was the way the Officers pushed the thing on the Soldiers, and urged them to do without luxuries and without almost the very necessities of life. For instance, our Captain told the people one day that he thought that if they lived on porridge and potatoes just for one week, and gave the Lord the money they saved, they would be none the worse for it. He said he was going to do it himself. Indeed, they went to such a pass in this direction that it was like interfering with your free agency, and it kind of made people give whether they would or not, and it is that compulsion that I object to.

Stranger: Well, was anyone hurt by the effort? Do you know any Soldier or anyone else who suffered from the fasting? Did anyone die over it, and the Jury bring in a verdict of "Died through living an entire week on porridge and potatoes?"

Sergeant: Oh dear, no! I don't think anything of the kind—I believe no one was even injured—still there it was, and it must appear to any sensible person to be an unjustifiable interference with the rights of the subject to dictate what people should eat or drink in connection with Religion, especially when it is plainly stated that they would be expected to bring the amount of the savings effected into the funds.

Nobody the Worse.

Stranger: I do not see it at all; in fact, the whole scheme, so far as you have explained it, plainly appears to me most admirable, and I shall certainly go back and persuade our Clergyman to get up a Self-Denial Week, but I must call it by another name, or else they will say we are imitating the Salvation Army. But before I shake hands with you, let me push my question a little further, I want to be satisfied on this aspect of the question. Did you suffer then, or at any other time, has your wife or your son, or anybody else you know, sustained any loss in body, soul or spirit, in business or in any other way, in consequence of anything they did or gave, or any sacrifice they made, for the saving of the lost and helping the poor and the wretched?

Sergeant: I cannot say they have. I am sure I did not myself. Stranger: Then let me ask you one other question. Supposing you were to commence from this moment, and continue to the end of your life, if it lasted a hundred years to deny yourself of all the comforts and luxuries of existence, toiling night and day without cessation, saving every penny of what you earn, and supposing at the end of that time you could go and lay it all at your Master's feet to help Him save the millions now living in poverty, wallowing in sin, dying in despair and perishing forever, would it be too much to give Him for all He has done for you?

Demas Penitent.

Sergeant: No, certainly not, and I begin to feel very miserable and ashamed of my grumbling and dissatisfaction.

Stranger: And well you may, Sergeant; I am very much ashamed of you myself, and if I may give you a bit of advice, as you have given me a good deal, I recommend you to go up to your old friends at the Barracks and go down at the Penitent Port at the very next meeting, and confess to God before your comrades your backsliding and selfishness, and again offer yourself, and all you possess, to live, suffer, toil, and sacrifice for Him and the salvation of men as long as God shall give you the great privilege of doing so, and then get the Captain to let all the Soldiers join you in singing:

"Dear Saviour, how can I repay,
The mighty debt I owe?
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
"Tis all that I can do."

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to help?

Great Britain.

The General visited Glasgow last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and has seen a time of remarkable power, with sweeping baptisms of love. Col. Lawley reports enthusiastically upon all meetings, and sums up the immediate results of this meeting with 243 souls at the penitent form.

Many of the London newspapers have given interesting sketches of the Army's work among the Hoodlums.

The Chief-of-the-Staff has opened his Winter Campaign by meeting 200 London Corps Cadets, and treating them to one of his intensely practical talks.

Mr. Bramwell Booth also conducted a Young People's Campaign at Manchester. About 300 young people had paid their own fare from different parts of Lancashire to unite with their Manchester comrades in enjoying the Chief's meeting. 123 were out for cleansing, and 85 Candidates were the immediate results of this campaign.

The charge of obstruction brought against our officers in Nottingham has been up for trial and has ended in a complete victory for the Army.

United States.

At Columbus, Ind., two officers were arrested for holding open-air meetings, but the mayor released them upon their own recognizance, without bond. The papers add that the same evening a prize fight was held that made enough noise to drown the Salvation Army meeting and drum, but the fight was permitted.

The Consul successfully launched the Philadelphia Rescue Campaign by special services in two well-known churches of the Quaker City.

The Commander has just opened the fortieth American Shelter in Cincinnati. The building is supplied with 75 beds and is a great credit to the Army.

251 persons applied in one month at the New York Labor Bureau, 159 of whom were found positions.

Italy.

The first officers in Italy who came out from amongst the Italians has been promoted to glory. His name was Lieut. Giannini, and he came out of Florence corps. He has done one year's service in the war, and was much beloved by all who knew him. His last work consisted in walking from village to village selling War Cries; in fact, acting as a Salvation colporteur. His last march of this description was from Florence to Venice, where he was taken ill with typhoid fever. Brigadier Clibborn visited him before his death, when he gave a clear and happy testimony.

Australasia.

The General is expected to visit Australasia next February.

Adelaide, which is the Army's Australian birth-place, has a new barracks. Outside the Territorial Headquarters, Melbourne, the new block of buildings is the most imposing, commodious and by far the most valuable of any single Army property in Australasia.

New Homes in connection with the Rescue Work are being opened at Charters Towers and Broken Hill.

A large crowd of Christian Endeavorers, some hundreds strong, attending their annual convention, visited some of our Melbourne Social Institutions. They were more than delighted with what they saw.

The Commandant's Self-Denial Sunday at Bendigo, scored close on \$250 for the day.

The Commandant is hard pressed at the office with mighty problems, but he is finding time to visit at week-ends, some of the corps both in Victoria and New South Wales. Albany, Goulburn, Bendigo, Echuca and Kyneton, being so favored. The Castlemaine "go" was

a tremendous success, and the lecture, illustrated by lime light, is to be repeated at each of the centres named.

During the early part of this month, New Zealand will record the opening of three new barracks, built according to our own plans and specifications—viz.: Gisborne, Waipawa and Waingau.

The Commandant's series of lectures at the Training Home are being much relished by the coming officers.

"YES, YOU MUST DO IT. YOU MUST LOSE SOMETHING FOR HIM, DENY SOMETHING FOR HIS SAKE, TAKE UP THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS—THAT IS, THE BURDEN OF SUFFERING FOR SINNERS—AND GO AFTER HIM."—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

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## "Desert the Ship?—Never!"

[At the burial of the late Brigadier John Read, Commissioner Kees, in his address, remarked that during a period of storm and stress in Canada, Brigadier and Mrs. Read stepped into his office one morning and said: "Commissioner, we just want to say that when the old ship rocks we'll stand by to steady her, but never desert her—NEVER!"]

The black and sullen waters of life's ocean rose and fell;  
There were forms of struggling swimmers borne upon its glassy swell;  
And their shrieks of pain and terror rent the dark clouds and the skies  
As they strove, and battled fiercely, in their dying agonies.  
Up to the great Creator, up to the Coast of Heaven,  
Rose His creatures' cries of anguish, whom to save His Son was given.  
And His heart was moved with pity for those souls upon the wave,  
So He launched a noble vessel them to rescue and to save.  
She was named *Salvation Army*, fashioned large and trim and true,  
Strong of faith, and stout of heart, whither her captain and crew;  
And to save the struggling swimmers all resolved to dare and do.

Though the winds may roar, and the waters rage, with vain endeavor they storm.  
Not a fear have we, of the rage of the sea, while rescuing souls from harm.  
The ship may rock, and the lightning's shock—her cables too may sever,  
We'll stand by to steady her then, but never desert her—NEVER!

The demons of the pit, fierce in convulsive met and swore  
Destruction to the vessel, she should rescue souls no more.  
So they loosened every storm-fiend from the caverns of despair,  
And their passionate sportings, howls and shriekings filled the air.  
Then they freed the crashing thunders; hurled the lightning's scorching flash;  
Drove the long and heaving billows; made them break with murderous crash.  
High above the labouring vessel; strove to swamp her with their might;  
While the foamy waves upswelling, white the blackness of the night.  
A gallant combat with the storm the good ship does maintain.  
Her straining timbers start and her tall masts tremble as with pain:  
But the One who did create her holds her safely in His grip,  
And no hell-raised storm or cyclone can wreck or sink that ship;  
So the baffled storm-fiends downwards to their cavern prisons slip.

The thus defeated demons next in convulsive did agree  
To sink the ship *Salvation*, whilst on a summer sea,  
By hidden sands and rocks, slight sunk beneath the simmering wave.  
So what weathered storms, north sunny skies should find a watery grave.  
The sun shone forth in smiling day; the balmy breezes blew.  
A peacefulness was all around, and languid were the crew.  
With sails full spread, and rocks ahead, the ship in danger speeds.  
Can ship in such a plight be saved, unless God intercedes?  
God does—a thunder-clap peals out; the sky is overcast;  
A squall blows hard; the breakers roar; to their posts the crew spring fast.  
"Bout ship!" rings out, her course is changed, and all the danger past.

A sail, yet joyful company stand by the vessel's side  
To place a shipmate's lifeless course into the flowing tide  
Thro' sunny seas and raging storms, great toils and dangers thick,  
He faithful to his vows had been—did not desert the ship,  
But now his toils are o'er, barque moored, and ended his last "trip."

Loud the Harpers harped, and sang the praises of the Blood  
That had them the victory gotten—on a Sea of Glass they stood.  
Loud welcomed they the Mariner to the Fiery, Glassy floor,  
With a Crown of Glory decked him, to his hand a Harp they bore:  
Cried they—" 'Tis true and just the King of Saints 'is, he shall praise Him evermore!"

Though the clouds may be black, the sun is behind; the rolling waves will calm  
Though long be the voyage and hard be the toil, in Port there's a golden crown  
Then cheer up my shipmates! Make God and the Ship your choice and your  
portion forever!  
When see rocks do your duty and stand by her then, but never desert her—no  
NEVER! J. B.

## Africa.

Commissioner and Mrs. Risdel are doing extensive tours in the Southern and Native Provinces.

The building extension at the Diefontein Social Farm is going up rapidly. It will provide increased accommodation for over thirty men.

Woodstock Circle is an up-to-date centre of salvation life. One of the most beautiful sights was witnessed at the famous "Jinks' Corner" on Saturday, when a poor drunk and a well-dressed lady knelt side by side at the drum-head seeking the mercy of God.

The Cape Town Argus printed an in-

teresting interview with Brigadier Ranch on the Social Work.

200 men can be accommodated at the Cape Town Metropole.

## China.

Several ships have called at the harbor of Hong Kong, and Staff-Capt. Symons has been kept busy at the Naval and Military Home. The Staff-Captain has also been visiting the ships and holding meetings on board, with the result that he has seen several souls got saved, amongst them being a petty officer. Some of the policemen in the town have also been visiting the Home, and in some cases they have sent men along and paid for their bed and keep.

## INDIAN TESTIMONIES.

Below we print the testimonies just as three Indian Salvationists, who came to the Toronto Anniversary meetings, gave them:

## The Chief's Testimony.

I am surprised that you Toronto people ask us to sing. Why, yesterday (Saturday) coming along the street a gentleman made the remark that we wasn't civilized. We are just as much civilized as you are. My mother, I have heard her speak of England, so surely she must have been there; of Toronto, so she must have been here, too. Just as the time came this fall for the Salvation Army to meet in Toronto, so the time will come for us to meet at the Judgment bar and give account of the deeds we have done upon this earth. Hallelujah!

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## Brother George Obatasaway's Testimony.

I thank God that He ever led me into the right way, and that the Salvation Army did catch me. I have a little money coming in and I do not have in work, if I keep from the whiskey. I have been a drunkard all my life until God helped me two years ago, and itself the happiest two years of my life. I'm going to be faithful and go to heaven.

ooo

## Brother Wilson Ga K's Testimony

(Interpreted by the Chief.)  
I am thankful to God who ever led me in the right way. Some time ago some white folk say that Indian have no soul, but I believe there is a place in heaven somewhere for me. The Salvation Army came along and told me that I had a soul, and that I could be saved. I am going to be faithful and do what is right and there will be a place in heaven for me.

## Lisgar Street Corps' Anniversary Sunday.

Wonderful manifestation of God's saving power. Adj. Wiggins and wife and Capt. Hart farwelled. Surely they will long remember the result of their earnest appeal for sinners to farewell from sin. ELEVEN souls knelt at the penitent form crying for deliverance from their different besetting sins, and some for sanctification in the holiness meeting. Capt. White did a noble fight and people were struck with conviction as could be seen on their faces. The visit of those who went out of our corps to fight against the devil and for God, were heartily welcomed back, and the barracks was crowded all day. The dedication of the two children of Treasurer Lily and wife, was a solemn but joyful service. Three of our comrades got enrolled under the banner of the corps. At night grand meeting, the power of the Holy Ghost was felt and many were convicted and a large number held up their hands for prayer. four came out and got magnificently saved. Hallelujah! Amen! How is that for a day's work for God? The old devil had howled with rage at that sight. We are looking and praying for a great revival in our corps.—Rev. S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOIN STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES, OR  
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR  
MORTGAGES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.  
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Mr. J. A. Smeaton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?



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## THE WAR CRY.

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### Mrs. Brigadier Read Leads Council with Women's Social Officers.

Our hearts were still warm and aglow with the beautiful influences of the previous councils led by our beloved Commissioner, and perhaps we felt that there was very little, if anything left unsaid.

But as we gathered around our leader, dear Mrs. Read, in the cosy sitting-room of the Women's Shelter, our numbers were not large, but we were cheered, blessed and helped, as we listened to her earnest and inspiring words.

In looking back over the past year we have much to encourage us. About 600 girls have passed through the Rescue Home during the year. A large number of them have been truly converted, and to-day are soldiers in the Army which was the means of leading them to God.

Also our Shelters are doing well, in fact we have every reason to be thankful for the past year. Some rapid strides have been made. God has indeed blessed the labors of the Rescue band.

But we have one great bugbear that hinders our progress, that is a lack of officers. Officers! Oh, how much

some of our comrades are needed at the front to-day. Women and nurses who will take the message of hope to the victims of despair.

Mrs. Read, in some of her remarks, spoke of the utter hopelessness, apparently, of some of our cases. We find them everywhere, on the street, in our court-rooms, in the prison cells: people who have lost hope. But they make the brightest gems when we get them on their feet again—yet they saved. What we need to do is to save them, put our arms around them and cheer them, and point them to Mary's Christ.

Then each one in our little meeting told their own heart's story, and God came very near. And we separated, feeling that more than ever before, we were bound together as one band with one purpose—seeking the lost—and with our arms linked in our Master's we are certain of victory. Yours under the Flag, E. H.

### STILL A CHANCE FOR YOU.

We have had replies in answer to our appeal in the Cry some time ago for officers, but we still require eight or ten godly, consecrated women for the Women's Social Work. Especially do we need several trained nurses. Apply at once to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

"THE GREAT EFFORT OF CHRIST FOR THE SALVATION OF A RUINED WORLD ORIGINATED WITH A SACRIFICE, AND MUST BE CARRIED FORWARD ON THE SAME LINES. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME, THEREFORE I CANNOT GIVE HIM LESS."

### SPECIAL.

The following report we print just as received by us. (Please not that the word "exterminate" means "to destroy, to annihilate" according to the dictionary.) The report is all right, only remember not to use words unless you are familiar with their meaning:

Mr. Sunday evening his Satanic Majesty entered our meeting in the shape of a young man, when one of our L. O's had to perform the somewhat painful duty of exterminating him from our midst, while the Captain held the fort, the Lieutenant led the charge, and one backslider returned to our God. Hallelujah. Our corps is clear of debt. Glory to God!—Yours advancing, A. H. H.

## Centralettes.

The October Congress is now a thing of the past, and the officers have gone back to their respective commands inspired and encouraged. By this time the arrangements for the great S.-D. fight are well in hand, and if we mistake not, there will be another splendid victory scored in the Central.

There have been several changes, which we have reason to believe will work out to the advantage of the war generally. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell take command of the Barrie Corps and District. Lieut. Jackson goes to Stroud. Aurora and Newmarket Corps are transferred to the Toronto District, while Barrie is compensated by having Midland (Capt. McClelland) Coldwater and Orillia (Capt. Creamer and Stevens) tacked on. Bracebridge District is now piloted by Adjt. Cear and Capt. Louis Matheson. Congratulations, Captain! Capt. White, late of Hamilton I, takes hold of Huntsville, and will do well. Capt. Wicks and Lieut. Paxton have gone to Amherst Harbor. Gravenhurst Corps is transferred to the Bracebridge District, thus swallowing up Orillia District entirely.

Capt. Barker and Darruch and Lieut. Dales have taken charge of Oshawa. The fight here is very difficult, but there will be a move in the right direction very soon. Capt. Wiseman goes to Brooklin.

Hamilton District receives two new Lieutenants from the Women's Training Garrison, in the persons of Lieut. Donaldson and Lieut. Cooper, the former going to Dundas and the latter to St. Catharines. Lieut. Fisher is promoted to the rank of Captain and is appointed to assist Adjt. Taylor, at Hamilton I. Still another promotion, Capt. Mainland if you please, takes charge of Hamilton II, with Lieut. Crego to assist. Oakville, in the hands of Capt. Willie White, is all right. Capt. Smith is supplying at Dundas for a few weeks.

The portly Adjt. Wiggins, with his better and lesser half, holds the fort at Lindsay. Capt. O'Neil and wife are at Penelon Falls, while Lieut. Cook, from the Women's Training Garrison goes to assist Capt. Culbert, at Uxbridge.

Lieut. Camper dons the red braid, and with Lieut. Edwards, will do a real good thing at Chelsey. Lieut. Paul drops into Orangeville, while Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Huskinson re-opens Meaford. Feverishham Circle is now in command of no less a dignitary than Capt. Brant, who is assisted by Lieut.

Sudbury District will be run from the Provincial Headquarters. Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond will make things move at Sudbury. Capt. Stephens (late Lieutenant in charge at Oakville), assisted by Lieut. McLeman, will push the war at North Bay. Capt. Gammage has gone to Little Current, and will be assisted by the newly-promoted Capt. Mainbridge.

Capt. Hanna and Lieut. Wadge have taken charge of Brampton, and if hard work will accomplish anything, they are the people to do it. Welcome to the Central Province, but especially to Lippincott, Adjt. DesBrisay. Capt. Charlton and Lieut. Craig are two capable and good assistants. Adjt. Moore comes from furlough and will lead on at Lisgar St., assisted by Capt. McDonald, while Capt. Hart goes to Riverside pronto. Capt. Reaz will do well at Dovercourt. Ensign Taylor, Capt. Lott, Capt. and Mrs. Jones, Capt. Felling and Capt. Mitchell have gone on furlough.

A real splendid soul-saving work is going on in Toronto, 3 souls at Yorkville, 6 at the Temple, 4 at Richmond St., and 2 at Riverside, are amongst the recent captures reported in the city.

St. Catharines has been a very hard field for soul-saving, but in the past two or three weeks several souls have sought salvation.

The Chief Secretary dedicated Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Margret's baby at Lippincott on Sunday.

### SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

## Self-Defence.

He was in a rage!  
Mr. Self-Indulgence was really mad. I call him Mr. because this generally is the way he is addressed; in reality he is a near relation to his Satanic Vileness.

Only that morning he had received a large parchment containing a proclamation signed by Apollyon, having attached to it the seal of the Nether Region. And this is the information the proclamation contained:

The Salvation Army are having again their obnoxious Self-Denial Week and more desperate efforts are being made to unite people not only to give out of what they can afford, but to induce everybody to give until it is felt to be a real denial of self. Mr. Self-Indulgence was reminded of his allegiance to Apollyon and exerted to use all weapons at his command to defeat the practice of Self-Denial.

Mr. Self-Indulgence was severely shocked; he was no believer in exertion. He had risen late that morning, and after a most sumptuous breakfast, had sunk back in his cushioned armchair, his slippers feet resting on a magnificent tiger skin. He loved the old and mediæval and was conserv-

ative in the extreme. Still, he recognized that possibly his very existence depended on immediate action, so he reached down a tremendous long sword called the Appendix of the Flesh; with it he is confident he will largely defeat the Self-Denial Efforts of the Salvation Army.

This above information was given to the War Cry by a reliable authority, and we pass it on to our numerous readers, as we have no doubt that old Self-Indulgence's Sword will show its edge to all those who are going to practice some real Self-Denial, in order to better help the S.-D. Let us all valiantly fight the old rascal.



## Strong to Suffer.

### Daily Tonic.

Sunday.—Our Great Example. I Peter ii. 19-24.

Monday.—Divine obedience through Divine suffering. Heb. v. 8-9.

Tuesday.—Suffering, the seed of life and glory. II Tim. ii. 11-12.

Wednesday.—No faithful service without suffering. II Tim. iii. 12.

Thursday.—Sympathy feels suffering or joy. I Cor. xii. 20-26.

Friday.—Right and wrong suffering. I Peter iv. 12-13.

Saturday.—Glorifying in suffering. Phil. iii. 7-10.

## Triumphant Suffering.

Night had fallen around the missionary's tent. The rustle of an Eastern day had given place to the mingled hush and murmur of the Eastern night. Clouds of vapour pervaded the locality and the very atmosphere was dreary and dense. Around the tent a small, strange crowd was gathered—Mohammedans in the Persian robes came to revile the man who had survived so long and earnestly for their enlightenment.

"Dog of an infidel," "Traitor to Mohammed," "Christian liar." These and worse epithets fell thick and fast. Mohammedanism supplies a rare variation of oaths with which to curse the object of its hatred, and such seemed to exhaust themselves upon the defenceless head of the missionary.

Within the tent, whose canvas made no wall between the voices of hatred and abuse, there lay the object of such unmerited scorn. Every nerve of his thin frame seemed quivering with pain. Upon his ashy cheeks shone already alone the carnate spot denoting consumption's devastating hold. The dangerous damp of the hard field of his mission had aggravated a disposition to argue, and racking suffering was the outcome.

Not far away was a letter—a letter which had seemed to let fall the last drop of bitterness in his bitter cup. It told coldly of the changed attitude of that woman's heart whose presence and love might have meant so much to him at such an hour. The love story of Henry Martyn is a mysterious one. He had thrown the wealth of his passionate heart at the feet of one who, if not insensible of its value, had seemed incapable of adequate return. Bound by the same delusion of creed which gave at times to Henry Martyn such terrible scenes of depression, she had severed the engagement which promised her to him. From conscientious but unexplainable scruples she had written him a long farewell. Lydia Gienfell was undoubtedly in many ways a good and noble character, but could she but have seen the sorrow and suffering of the heart she spurred she would have been inclined also to see the blindness and rashness of her action towards him.

Outside, the storm of worthy persecution rose higher and stronger. For these excited fanatics his life had been given, his days had been spent, the best of his rare capacities of soul and brain been sacrificed. But they showed no appreciation. Indeed it was not until some years after, when the missionary's grave form was laid in a narrow grave, that the seed which he had sown with tolling toils in Persia and India, sprung into resurrection life. He was too ill to argue with them now—too weak to meet them with the Bible upon which they had too often heard abuse. He lay on the couch, comfortless around of his tent quivering with the range of pain, disappointment and grief.

Lonely, persecuted, unsuccessful, sick unto death. Yet still feeble fingers he traced on a bit of paper, while a wan glad smile lighted up the pinched features with the glow of another day, the language of an unquenched spirit in the little verse:

"If on my face for Thy dear sake Shame and reproaches be,  
Ah! not reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me."

God is the source of all spiritual power, and should be sought for constantly in two ways—by meditation in His word, and by secret prayer—if we would have and retain power.

Several years ago I was specialising at a New England corps, commanded by a rather gifted Ensign. He appeared to be much impressed by his familiarity with and use of the Bible, and one day remarked that he would be willing to give a fortune, if he had it, for an equal knowledge of the Scriptures. He was much taken back when I assured him that he was quite mistaken as to the strength of his desire, for if he really wanted to get acquainted with his Bible, he could easily do so by spending the hour and more that he gave to the newsmen each day, in prayerful study of God's word.

Men are everywhere crying and signing for power and the fullness of the Spirit, but

### Neglecting the Means

by which this power and fullness are secured.

The saintly Fletcher said, "An eager attention to the doctrines of the Holy Spirit made me in some degree overlook the medium by which that Spirit works; I mean the word of truth, by which that heavenly fire warms us. I rather expected lightning, than a steady fire by means of fuel."

Glads, believing, secret prayer, and patient, constant meditation in the word of God will keep the sanctified man full of power, full of love and faith, full of God. But neglect of these results in spiritual weakness and dryness, joyless labor and fruitless toil, and, unless a remedy is found, spiritual death will surely, if not swiftly, follow. If any reader of this has lost the power and fullness of the Spirit, let him seek through neglect of these simple means, he will not receive the blessing back again by working himself up into a

## ONE OF MANY.

### Life Sketch of Thomas Gillies, the Saved Drunkard.

It was only three months after I had left my uncle, when he became paralyzed in his side, and he came to live with my father. I was just getting back from Dublin, all used up. Father said, "What are you going to do with yourself now?"

I replied, "I don't know. I would not be back now, only I am not tall enough for the army."

"Well," he said, "I'll give you £50: try your luck in Canada and see what you can do."

"All right," I answered, "give me the money and I won't trouble you long."

But he knew better. "No," I'll go to Dublin and get your ticket," he said "and see you safe on board."

I bought what clothing I needed, father came and got my ticket and also two gallons of whiskey for the voyage. I bid him good-bye, and thought my heart would break when we were separating.

I was not three days aboard before I was dead drunk; drank all I brought with me and spent £20 besides, all for drink.

### In Canada.

I had taken passage for Toronto, but after twelve days' sail, landed in Quebec, gathered my baggage to Quebec and went to a hotel and hummed around for a couple of weeks. Then I went to Montreal. Knocked around there drunk for a couple of weeks longer, and then started for Toronto, where I had relatives living. I called on one of them, a License Inspector at the time, and for many years after, produced my letter of introduction to him when he read and received me very kindly. He did not know I was such a drunken bum, or he would not have had anything to do with me. He brought me through the city and introduced me to several relatives and friends, took me to his home and introduced me to his family, where I remained for a week or ten days. He often tried to see if I was addicted to drink or not, but I always refused because I knew he was testing me.

He asked me what kind of a situation I preferred as he could procure me such as I was able to fill. He tried me in figures and writing, and on account of

frenzy of agony in prayer, but rather by quieting himself and talking plainly to God above it, and then harkening diligently to what God says in His word and by His Spirit. Then peace and power will soon return, and need never be lost any more. Hallelujah! Most people give their bodies up at

### Ten Hours a Day

in eating and drinking, and dressing, and sleeping, and maybe a few minutes to their souls. We ought to give at least one solid hour every day to restful, loving devotion with Jesus over our open Bible, for the refreshing, developing and strengthening of our spiritual life. If we want an opportunity to teach, correct, inspire, and comfort us, reveal His secrets to us, and make spiritual giants of us, if we will not do this, we shall surely be spiritual weaklings all our days, however we may wish to be strong. The devil will rob us of this hour if we do not steadily fight for it. He will say, "Go and work," before we have gotten the spiritual food that strengthens us for work. The devil's ploy and snare is to get us to begin where we began when he sees a soul upon its knees! It is then that he transforms himself into

### An Angel of Light,

and woe be to the soul that is deceived by him at this point!

I do thank God that for many years, as a Field Officer, a District Officer, a General Secretary, and a Spiritual Special, God has helped me to resist the devil at this point, and have time with Him until my soul has been filled with His glory and strength, and made triumphant over all the power of the enemy. Glory to God!

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." (Acts xx. 32)

my experience in a store, advised me to follow the same here. I consented and he got me a situation in a wholesale and retail grocery and whiskey store at \$8 per week. I did not keep it

### Got the Walking Ticket

I did not go near my uncle any more at that time, but began drinking whole sale, getting arrested for being drunk and paid fine after fine.

Then I left and went to Pine Grove and got on my feet to buy a military race. I started to work, but my hands became all blistered and raw, so I had to quit. I was hoarding at a hotel and saying that I had three days after spending what little money I had.

I met a harness-maker who said, "How would you like farming?"

I said, "I never worked on a farm or worked as a laborer till I struck this country."

"My father wants a man to help him with the harvest, or perhaps he might use you altogether." He went to see his father that night and we struck a bargain for five months at \$10 a month.

I was not long in finding out the place would not suit me; working from early morning till 8 or 9 at night. After work I would go to the village and get blind drunk and bring a quart bottle home with me, to do until the next night. I put in about six weeks with him, got into a fight with his son about working such long hours, so I made up my mind to get away from there in some way. I took a holiday, got drunk and did not come back for a week. Then I told him I had a letter from my uncle in Toronto requesting me to come there, as he had got me a situation, but he would not listen to it at all or give me any money till my time was up. I threatened to go and see a lawyer, and when he saw I was bound to have it, he offered me \$30 for the time I had worked. I took it and started for Toronto, and spent it in drink when I reached there.

I started to work at different kinds of employment, but everything I met went for drink. I worked in Toronto about four years, and during that time spent about TWELVE MONTHS IN JAIL. Sometimes I was sent for 20 days, sometimes 60, and three months at a time.

Then I took a notion to railroad and went on the Toronto, Grey and Thru, stayed till it was completed, but spent every cent in drink. I worked on the Midland R. R. and other railways, but all my earnings went for drink.

(To be continued.)

## Helps for J. S. Workers.

### The Baptism and Temptation.

Matt. iii. 13-17; iv. 1-11.

Then Cometh Jesus.—John's preaching had drawn large crowds to the wilderness, where he was baptizing and preaching repentance and salvation as of sin. Rich and poor had been alike convicted of sin, and humbled themselves unto his baptism. Jesus came from Nazareth to Galilee to be baptized, although he had no sin and needed no repentance. Yet what had been asked of others he was ready to humble himself to, and do all that was commanded. Here He teaches us a lesson of humility, and also that of a leader. If He was to lead men on to obedience and heaven, He began just where every sinner must begin, "at the foot of the ladder."

John Forbade Him.—No doubt the Divine appearance of Jesus, coupled with His calm and loving spirit, made John to feel that his baptism was not for such a holy being. It was for the sinful and was merely an outward performance, as a confession of a deeper work wrought within the heart, which he felt was already possessed by this holy man, the Christ.

Suffer It to be so Now.—Jesus did not at once command John to baptize him, but humbly requested that He might be permitted to begin where sinners began, for He said, "thine it is to fulfill all righteousness." If it was good for others to be humiliated, He was ready to share in the same act of humiliation.

The Spirit and Voice from Heaven.—How the ears and hearts of everybody must have tingled when the radiant light broke upon them from Heaven, and descending softly, its rays fell directly upon Jesus, resting upon Him with the gentleness of a dove, then the opening heavens uttered the startling declaration, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." From that hour John was conscious of Jesus as to increase, John's prophecy was fulfilled. John had said the truth when he said, "I have bidden to be baptized of Thee," meaning the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We all feel like this when Jesus comes near to our hearts.

Led of the Spirit into the Wilderness.—God's leading is always right. It may not always be easy to follow nor pleasant to the flesh, but it is where God shall be able to get the most good out of us. As with us it was with Jesus, the great blessing and filling with the Holy Ghost was succeeded by the testing in the wilderness. God's children often after great blessings suffer from a state of poverty of soul. This is to prove their faith and teach them not to trust to their feelings.

Fasted Forty Days and Nights.—If mortal man had endured this in earth it was expedient that the Son of God, to be a Saviour to the uttermost, should do the same. Moses and Elijah had had this test, Jesus bears the full measure of their cup.

The Temptation Come.—In this hour of fatigue and weakness the devil offers to take advantage (not a flesh and blood devil, but the evil spirit), suggesting to His mind how, if he be the Son of God, why not have a miracle on His own behalf. Satan tries hard to get a soul in an hour of physical pain or weakness, to give up and yield to sin, and become more selfish and corrupt the flesh.

"It Is Written."—Noble reply, no reasoning with the devil, nor conferring with his feelings. It certainly was lawful for Him to eat, but not when it was only to please Satan. There are times when it is not the body that needs feeding, but the soul, not material food, but spiritual. We are put on this earth, not merely to live to look after earthly affairs, but heavenly also.

"All These Things Will I Give Thee."—What great things the devil tries to offer to get the soul to turn away from God. None of the things he offers belonged to him. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. While Satan may hold up his vain foundation and sinful vanity, the world and all its pleasures, God has said, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Christ overcame. The world is His!

"The Devil Leaveth Him and Angels Ministered Unto Him."—The up to this long and weary forty days of severe temptation, God had watched over His Beloved Son. It might be questioned why God permitted one so undeserving of such painful treatment to suffer such severe want and hunger for so long a time, but to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering. He did it. But the reward. The angels are sure to come and minister to the wants of those who endure to the end.

### MEMORY TEXT.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God."



II. 13-17; IV. 1-11.  
 John's preach-  
 where he was baptizing and  
 repentance and forgiveness as  
 and John had been alike  
 sin, and humbled them-  
 his baptism. Jesus came  
 to Galilee to preach  
 he had no sin and  
 repentance. Yet what had  
 of others he was ready to  
 to himself to and all that  
 added. Here He teaches us  
 humility, and also that of  
 He was to lead men on  
 and heaven. He began just  
 sinner must begin, "at  
 to ladder."  
 "He Him—No doubt the  
 of ignorance of Jesus, a duped  
 and loving spirit, made  
 that his baptism was not  
 holy being. It was for  
 and was merely an out-  
 stance, as a confession of a  
 wrought within the heart.  
 was already possessed  
 man, the Christ of God.  
 He so now—Jesus did not  
 and John to baptize him,  
 requested that He might  
 to begin where others  
 said, "thus it is cometh  
 His righteousness." If it  
 others to be humiliated,  
 to share in the same-  
 tion.  
 and Voice from Heaven—  
 and hearts of everybody  
 when the radiant  
 from them from Heaven.  
 e softly, its rays fell  
 Jesus, resting upon Him  
 onness or a dove, then  
 heaven entered the story.  
 "This is My Beloved  
 am well pleased."  
 John was to decrease,  
 increase, John's promise  
 John had said the truth  
 "I have led to be-  
 ee," meaning the hap-  
 pily Ghost. We all feel  
 Jesus comes near to our  
 rit into the Wilderness—  
 is always right. It  
 be easy to follow the  
 flesh, but it is where  
 to get the most out of  
 with us it was with  
 t blessing and illing  
 Ghost was succeeded  
 the wilderness. God's  
 after great blessings  
 use of poverty of sin-  
 their faith and teach  
 t to their feelings.  
 Days and Nights—If  
 endured this a earth  
 that the Son of God  
 r to the uttermost,  
 me, Moses and Elijah  
 Jesus hears the full  
 cup.  
 me—In this hour I  
 know the devil tries  
 re (not a flesh and  
 the evil spirit), sug-  
 ing how, if he being  
 why not work a mir-  
 acle? Satan tries  
 in an hour of phy-  
 sicalness, to give us  
 and become more  
 the flesh.  
 "Noble reply, no  
 devil, nor confor-  
 mance. It certainly  
 im to eat, but not  
 to please Satan,  
 when it is not the  
 eating, but the soul,  
 but spiritual. We  
 rth, not merely to  
 earthly affairs, but

rit into the Wilderness—  
 is always right. It  
 be easy to follow the  
 flesh, but it is where  
 to get the most out of  
 with us it was with  
 t blessing and illing  
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 ing how, if he being  
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 acle? Satan tries  
 in an hour of phy-  
 sicalness, to give us  
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 the flesh.  
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 mance. It certainly  
 im to eat, but not  
 to please Satan,  
 when it is not the  
 eating, but the soul,  
 but spiritual. We  
 rth, not merely to  
 earthly affairs, but

Will I Give Thee?"  
 s the devil tries to  
 to turn away from  
 things he offered  
 "The earth is the  
 se thereof." While  
 his vain fountain:  
 the world and all  
 as said, "If thou  
 herit all things,"  
 to world is His;  
 Him and Ang-els  
 in."—Thy ough all  
 y forty days if  
 God had watched  
 n. It might be  
 permitted one as  
 painful treatment  
 want and hung-  
 but to make the  
 sivation perfect  
 did it. But we  
 els are sure to  
 o the wants of  
 the end.

"NEXT."  
 the Lord thy

## FALLEN.

What a world of heartaches, sorrow  
 and shame is implied by that little  
 word—fallen.  
 There she is, in the nook of a porch  
 of a large public building, with the  
 child of her shame, and yet the one  
 thing that binds her to life, in her  
 arms, at last blessed with a little  
 sleep.  
 The policeman came round to try the  
 doors: his foot stumbled against a  
 soft heap, suspiciously he lets the light  
 of his lantern fall upon it—it is only a  
 fallen girl with her child. Although  
 frequent acquaintance with criminals  
 has somewhat hardened his feelings,  
 yet this sight touches him. She is so  
 young! Should he send for the patrol  
 and have her put into a cell with a lot  
 of drunken and brutal old-timers?  
 "No, she shall have a chance," he  
 muttered.  
 Quickly he telephones to the Rescue  
 Home of the Salvation Army, and soon  
 the girl is safely housed there.

Her story was exceedingly pathetic.  
 She had been brought up by well-to-  
 do parents and possessed a good edu-  
 cation. At comparatively young years  
 she had passed all her examinations  
 triumphantly, and after two years suc-  
 cessful teaching had received a posi-  
 tion as teacher on the high school staff  
 not far from her native town. Here  
 the devil had set the trap for her soul.  
 She was introduced in some of the  
 best families of that town, and met

there a young fellow, extremely hand-  
 some and equally wicked. He was the  
 biggest, good-for-nothing in town. As  
 it frequently happens, Lily, as we will  
 call her, although rather sensible in  
 most matters, was entirely blind to  
 the unprincipled disposition of Frank,  
 as we will call the scoundrel. He saw  
 her and desired her. He had, with  
 some diplomacy, not a very hard task  
 in winning her confidence. Lily was  
 wanted, but she would not listen, and  
 attributed to jealousy all that was  
 told her by other girls. Unquestioning  
 she believed all the well chosen assur-  
 ance of his admiration and affection,  
 until he had accomplished his designs  
 and thrown her overboard shortly  
 afterwards.

Her circumstances forced her to re-  
 sign her position. She returned to her  
 home, where she met with a curse  
 from her father and brother, when the  
 truth was known, and her mother,  
 although desirous to shield her, was  
 unable to protect the girl. She had to  
 leave home.  
 Lily went to the city, to look for a  
 situation. She obtained one for a few  
 months. Then her child was born.  
 When she returned from the hospital  
 she was not admitted to the house-  
 again. That night, penniless, after  
 wandering about the streets all day,  
 and hungry and tired she had sought a  
 little rest in the shelter of a porch.

If ever a girl appreciated the love  
 shown her in the Rescue Home—and  
 there are some that can't do it—it was  
 Lily. The matron was overjoyed, when  
 Lily, one Sunday morning, knelt by  
 her side and gave her heart to God.

A few weeks after that, an unex-  
 pected opportunity opened to find her  
 a situation as teacher again. There  
 was no deception practised. The  
 Board was informed of all the circum-  
 stances, and she could take her posi-  
 tion without threatening that the past  
 might be discovered any day and such  
 discovery might fling her back into  
 misery. Her child she placed with  
 some goodly people, whom she pays for  
 its support.

Lily is to-day a living power for God  
 and a continual testimony to the sav-  
 ing strength of Christ.

"This is Christlike work," you say,  
 sympathetically.

Yes it is. You may not be able to  
 do it personally, but you may be able  
 to help the devoted and self-sacrificing  
 Rescue Officers of the Salvation Army  
 do it.

And how? Self-Denial Week is com-  
 ing on. Give your donation willingly  
 and as large as you can. Deny your-  
 self of something that will make you  
 feel the sacrifice, and so teach you to  
 enjoy the real pleasure of giving.

Sixteen dollars a year will support a  
 girl in the Rescue Home. Sixteen  
 dollars to save a girl from the streets.  
 Sixteen dollars to win a soul back to  
 God and goodness. Can you find a  
 better investment for your money?

What will YOU do during Self-Denial  
 Week? SOPH.

"I do not care." You do not? Be  
 sure that you get those words in the  
 right connection.

## TWO PICTURES.

### A Self-Denial Story.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

The thought expressed in these few  
 lines was suggested to my mind some  
 little time ago while thinking of our  
 greatest annual effort, and which is  
 now before us again. Study these  
 pictures carefully:

No. I.—Corinth, the beautiful.

No. II.—Philippi, the poor.

Artist.—The world's greatest Apostles.

You may draw closer. This is pic-  
 ture No. I.—Observe the sunny back-  
 ground, in which the special feature  
 of the painting is set. Were that  
 figure more comely, its golden settings  
 would have presented a picture that  
 would ravish the vision, and capture  
 the admiration of angels in heaven  
 and saints on earth. Alas! that the  
 glittering groundwork should contrib-  
 ute to make the hideous monster, set  
 out in ghastly relief, more horribly  
 repulsive. If you can face the ordeal,  
 look for a moment. See those eyes,  
 rolling continuously in their hunt for  
 greed. Note the sensuous smiling  
 mouth. Mark the clinched hands or  
 the stinging monstrously, suggesting  
 its main characteristic—greed—all—and  
 suddenly you learn its name—"Covet-  
 ousness."

Ah, Corinth! the pride of the world  
 in thy day. Repository of that which  
 was costliest and finest in art—it  
 remained for thee to give to succeeding  
 generations of the race a picture, por-  
 trayed that characteristic which had  
 sunk many cities as opulent as thee  
 into nothingness, and was destined to  
 bring destruction upon thee.

Turn this way, please. This is pic-  
 ture No. II.—Observe the strangely  
 sombre background in contrast with  
 that of No. I. Poverty and hardship  
 does not suggest a very pleasing  
 ground for a picture—but wait. Look  
 at the central picture, standing out in  
 splendid relief—its beauty, like the  
 opening petals of a lovely rose, looks  
 unfolding, and grows as you gaze upon  
 it—so majestic, so symmetrical, so  
 pure! Why it must be the portrait  
 of an angel. See those eyes, how full  
 of expression—in tenderness, in love for  
 others. See those lips—as if breathing  
 blessing upon every one. See those  
 hands—extended, offering to all  
 what they possess. And now for the  
 name. What is it? "Charity!"  
 Little in the way of comment, is  
 required from the hand of the master  
 of novices. The master hand of the  
 world's greatest word painter has pre-  
 sented the pictures before you. Study  
 them for yourself. You will find the  
 first in I Cor. viii. The other in  
 Philippians iv. 10-23.

Let me finish by asking "in which  
 picture are you most interested?" In  
 which do you find the reflex of your  
 own spirit, comrade, in the question of  
 Self-Denial Week? We have heard of  
 some whose plea has been OUR city,  
 OUR town, OUR corps. This might  
 have been the excuse of the Corinthi-  
 ans. (Stingy people are never hard  
 up for excuses.) Corinth, as a city, or  
 a church, could have bought up poor,  
 unassuming Philippi a hundred times.  
 Nevertheless, when General Paul is-  
 sued his Self-Denial appeal to the  
 various corps on behalf of the strug-  
 gling work in Jerusalem, and possibly  
 for extending the work to other places,  
 the Philippians put their pictures  
 but smaller-souled and selfish Corinth-  
 ian comrades to shame—by contrib-  
 uting more liberally and cheerfully to  
 the effort. There was no envying  
 about the money going out of the town.  
 So long as it was destined to carry  
 inspiration to struggling comrades—  
 wherever or whenever they may be—  
 or send a ray of hope to those who  
 were without God, and without hope  
 they felt it a bounden duty on the one  
 hand to give, and a glorious privilege  
 on the other to be honored with the  
 opportunity.

Who can measure the meaning of the  
 words of Jesus when He said "Inas-  
 much as ye did it unto them, ye did  
 it unto Me." Can you imagine what  
 that Divine recognition will mean in  
 that great day for those self-deny-  
 ing Philippians? Who knows what mea-  
 sure of blessing your gift, if given  
 freely and cheerfully, will carry with it  
 down here? You will know, at any  
 rate, in that day when the soldiers of  
 the first European corps shall bear the  
 result of their Self-Denial.



"SUSPICIOUSLY HE LETS THE LIGHT OF HIS LANTERN FALL UPON IT—IT IS ONLY A FALLEN GIRL WITH HER CHILD."

## GAZETTE.

## CORRECTION.

The following two items were gazetted wrongly last week:

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK to be Ensign in charge of Kamloops Corps and District.

Cadet-Lieutenant Jones to be Lieutenant at Vancouver Shelter.

## PROMOTIONS.

Adjutant Geo. Burditt, of Montreal I. to be Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Wilfred Creighton, of T. H. Q., to be Staff-Captain.

Ensign McGill, of Dawson City, to be Adjutant.

Ensign Ethel Kerr, of St. John I. N. B., to be Adjutant.

Captain Ward, of Montreal II., to be Ensign to Barrie Corps and District.

## APPOINTMENTS.

Adj. Wiggins, of Lisgar St., to Lindsay Corps and District.

Adj. Moore, to Lisgar St. Corps.

Adj. Byers, to New Glasgow Corps and District.

Adj. DesBrisay, to Lippincott Corps and Garrison.

Adj. Scarr, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

Ensign Attwell, to Barrie Corps and District.

Ensign Jennings, to Moncton Corps and District.

Ensign Ehsary, to Houlton, Me.

Ensign Edwards, to St. John Provincial Headquarters.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.



## Our Grand Old Man.

In glancing over the appointments of our beloved General, one marvels at the unflagging activity and zealous courage of this veteran warrior, who, at the age of nearly three score and ten, undertakes such campaigns, that must by the numerous public engagements and the vicissitudes of ocean voyage, and other forms of travelling, entail a great expenditure of physical and mental strength. The General has just crossed over to Holland for a ten days' engagement, to lead off the Winter Campaign in that Territory.

On his return four or five series of meetings in different parts of the British Field, will keep him fully employed until the "Two Days with God," in Exeter Hall, London, Nov. 28th and 29th. On the 15th of January the General will set sail for Australia, this being his third visit to that part of his parish. He will return for the Old Land from Victoria on or about April 30th. Let us pray daily that God may increasingly bless his labors and may yet share him to be our triumphant leader for many years to come.

## Promotions.

The recent promotions of four old and tried comrades will doubtless be sincerely appreciated by our rank and file, since they include officers who have seen service in the far East as well as the farthest West. We welcome Adjts. Creighton and Burditt as Staff-Captains. With the additional responsibility added to the Financial Department through a partial rearrangement of the book-keeping at our Shelters and Provincial Headquarters, Staff-Capt. Creighton's position will be a responsible one. The newly-created Adjutants are Ensign Kerr and Ensign McGill, who is now in charge of the Kamlike Expedition.



Territorial Headquarters,  
Toronto, Ont.

October, 1898.

My dear Officers and Soldiers,—

I find my heart impatient to drop on to paper some words to you through the medium of the Cry, respecting our God-honored and blessed annual effort--Self-Denial.

The rumbling of the wheels of preparation for this war have been for some days sounding in my ears, and by the time this letter is in your hands it will be the all-absorbing topic of every loyal Officer, Soldier and child in our ranks. This day while working out some plans in connection with this effort my own heart has been newly touched by an exceptionally keen realization of the value of its agency. What precious blessings it has brought to the souls of those who have been more strictly responsible for its operations, rebinding us by freshly spoken vows to Calvary and its cause, and teaching lessons which have made us better saviours of men. What hundreds and hundreds of sinners, the darkest, the worst, the lowest, it has gathered by the means of its far-reaching arms into the Kingdom of God. All the literature ever printed by the Army would not hold the stories told of the definite blessings gained during our Self-Denial week, apart from those reaped consequent to the financial assistance it has brought.

But of this I need not remind you. You know it all. It has made you to put into the endeavor some of the hardest toil, hottest love, fervent prayer and concentrated thought of your experience, and for this, my brave comrades, in the name of God, my General, and the needy, in my deepest heart I thank you as words can never express. But in this approaching Self-Denial I am looking for you to take a yet more valiant stand. You must be one with me in my ambition to make its climax to surpass any victory yet achieved; one with me in my desire to rebrighen "the helmet of Salvation" and "breast-plate of righteousness" right through the ranks, and so give the war in this country in every respect a distinct push forward, I know you too well to fear your being behind or being slack in red-hot endeavor to do your utmost to reach the mark. I feel certain you will do your whole share as allotted you by God. I will do mine. These opportunities are so precious, time is so short—at the longest it is but as a span, but that span may grasp an eternity of blessing to ourselves and to others. It can be so with your life, and God will help you to make it so with the lives of others.

Exceptional thought, prayer and time has been given to the organizing of plans for the effort, and I would say to each of my precious Soldiers, the more strictly you adhere to instructions, the greater success Self-Denial will be at your Corps. The Lord will be with you; He will meet by virtue of the sacrifice of His own Son your every need. Seek Him! Have faith in Him, and go forward remembering that as my God-given charge I love you, and I trust you.

Yours to lead the way,

*Evangeline Booth*

Field Commissioner.



# SHEET SIXTEEN.

The Sixteenth Anniversary a Thing of the Past—Its Mighty Blessings and Inspirations, However, Live on—Officers and Soldiers will Carry Them to all Parts of the Territory—  
The Field Commissioner Marvelously Upheld by God's Loving Arm.

October, 1898.

some words to you  
nored and blessed

this war have  
me this letter  
of every loyal  
ile working out  
t has been newly  
alue of its  
e souls of those  
ions, rebinding  
nd teaching  
hat hundreds and  
st, it has  
Kingdom of God.  
hold the stories  
Denial week,  
assistance it has

all. It has  
toil, hottest  
experience, and  
neral, and the  
ver express.

ou to take a  
ambition to  
ne with me in  
"breast-plate"  
the war in  
I know you too  
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ling to our-  
God will help

ren to the  
each of my  
ructions, the  
Lord will be  
s own Son  
orward remem-  
st you.

issioner.

They are gone—gone!  
Who, which is gone?  
The Staff Officers, the Field Officers,  
the Social Officers, the soldiers and  
friends, the councils, the public meet-  
ings, the Soldiers' Assembly, the rush,  
the bustle, the excitement—all these  
have passed away, but living realities  
uttered by our beloved leader, the  
sound advice given, the precious coun-  
cils received, the definite blessings ob-  
tained and the inspirations that  
have thrilled our souls are still ours.  
Ours—not only to make us stronger  
within ourselves—but chiefly to make  
us mightier in the warfare to which  
we have consecrated our lives.

Many of our hard-working comrades,  
who have toiled for many months  
against tremendous odds with but little  
encouragement from their fellow-men,  
had looked forward with great antici-  
pations to these meetings, neither  
have they been disappointed.

It appeared, nevertheless, as if dis-  
appointment would be inevitable. As  
nearly fully explained in our last in-  
sue, the uniting commander of this  
Territory on the very eve of these  
gatherings, was laid aside with acute  
suffering. The doctors gave practically  
no hope of her being able to do the  
meetings, but our leader's indomitable  
will and her knowledge of what far-  
reaching consequences were stake on  
these gatherings, made her superior  
to all physical deficiencies. When the  
doctors heard of what meetings our be-  
loved Commissioner led, he expressed  
it as his sincere conviction, that not-  
withstanding a "superhuman p.w." could  
have enabled her to accomplish it.

Our comrades who had come up  
to our Territorial Jerusalem, went  
away with the radiance of Divine bless-  
ings visible in their very countenances.  
Thank God for the irrefragable exam-  
ple of the Field Commissioner, who has  
again been the channel of the Almighty's  
message to thousands during the  
past week.

## Soldiers' Council.

Lippincott looked his best. Glancing  
down upon his breathing sea of human  
faces it seemed verily alive with  
salvation enthusiasm. For typical  
Army excitement, a soldiers'  
council cannot be equalled, and on this  
Anniversary occasion the tide of inter-  
est and white hot feeling ran high.  
All the local luminaries of Toronto  
corps, with many bright and shining  
lights from more distant battlefields,  
had gathered and by the time that the  
pent-up fervor found outlet in the  
rousing opening song, things seemed  
shaping for a salvation blaze.

Much craning of neck and lip-togg-  
ing of feet followed by a spontaneous out-  
burst of thunderous clapping, an-  
nounced the arrival of the Field Com-  
missioner. Most, if not all of these  
present, knew of the severe sickness  
which had threatened to debar them  
from the privilege of seeing and hear-  
ing her, and the eyes of tender soldier  
women and stalwart soldier men grew  
moist as they watched the pale smiling  
face of their leader come slowly up the  
aisle. When she reached the platform  
the cheering spent itself in a prolonged  
volley. The Field Commissioner's  
special love for and interest in her  
rank and file is by this time well  
known and well appreciated.

The meeting reached high-water  
mark. Those influential soldiers' meet-  
ings which the Commissioner con-  
ducted in the city some little time  
back, were in a sense the forerun-  
ners of this united council, and had, there is  
no doubt, created no small anticipation  
for it. The Commissioner has a high  
ideal of what such a meeting must  
entail, and devoted her very best to  
carry her ideal out.

The Commissioner's address was a  
masterpiece of force and skill. More  
than that it was singularly suitable  
to the crowd of men and women before  
her. With bated breath they listened  
into the charmed circles of her  
democratical reign—then they turned  
their eyes upon their own surrounding  
circumstances and discovered what  
ever was cruel or contemptible therein.

With admiration they discerned the  
unassailable purity and in vulnerable  
force characterizing the life of the  
greatest Apostle, and then with ir-  
resistible turning of the tables their  
eyes went inward to discover if the  
flower of their own character shone  
brightest amidst what of gloom shad-  
dowed their own lot. The Commis-  
sioner's graphic descriptions were only  
second to her astonishing applications.  
Addition to flow the high ideal she  
showed them leapt up very soon—re-  
solve to then and there have done with  
all weights and hindrances came in  
like a flood.

The penitent form was soon cleared  
and filled. Conscientious hearts poured  
out stories of confession and made  
quick confession there. It was late  
very late—when the last of them  
claimed victory through the Blood, and  
Brigadier Fugitive, whose infectious  
enthusiasm had held the reins in the  
prayer meeting, shouted "The Bishop  
of Newfoundland will close." P.

## The Officers' Councils.

The councils for officers were con-  
ducted by the Commissioner personally,  
in the Lippincott St. barracks.  
There were about 200 in all present.  
The Field Officers met in five sessions:  
Tuesday morning and afternoon, and  
Wednesday morning, afternoon and  
evening. Thursday morning the Com-  
missioner met the Staff Officers.  
The Field Commissioner's appearance  
on Tuesday morning was greeted with  
a prolonged clapping of hands, stamp-  
ing of feet and ringing volleys. The  
Commissioner was much moved by  
this genuine expression of deep and  
sincere affection of her loved officers,  
and an ocean of sympathy's waves  
seemed to develop and hallow the  
assembly.

Somewhat pale, but with sparkling  
eyes, Miss Booth rose to her feet, a d-  
although her voice was rather un-  
certain at the beginning, it soon re-  
sumed its old well-known ring and  
strength.

"Don't be anxious about me, my dear  
officers," she remarked, "I shall not  
run any unnecessary risks. Although  
I have suffered severely, and feel still  
somewhat trembling yet, I feel en-  
tirely right through the days that I was  
forced to keep my bed, that if I need  
found my feet, I would be able to keep  
them."

The Field Commissioner calmly  
her opening remarks by saying that  
she was anxious every officer should  
have a better and larger idea of HOW  
MUCH God was willing to give to the  
creature. If each officer would go  
back to their corps more than ever in  
touch with heaven, what wonders  
would be wrought.

The study of the Bible was urged.  
For the Bible was the best lamp in  
the dark and the best guide in the  
light; the more it is read, the more  
prized it will be.

The power of unity and co-operation  
was masterfully illustrated, and earnest-  
ness and holy ambition strikingly dis-  
played as the great factors of an effec-  
tual soul-saver's career.

## "Not Slothful in Business."

was the guiding thread throughout the  
exposition of the momentous matters  
of salvation business, touching such  
main points as "The Penitent's Arm,"  
Soldier-making, Backsliding, the War  
Cry, and other schemes of importance.

Each of the themes mentioned was  
treated with the utmost practical con-  
sideration and in an immensely spiri-  
tual manner. The most exampary at-  
tention was given to the Field Com-  
missioner, and every officer exercised  
all the powers of his intellect and soul  
to master the subjects dealt with.  
During the afternoon session, on  
Wednesday, the Chief Secretary re-  
viewed the year's advances and special  
features, mentioning the following  
topics:

The General's visit.  
The Klondike Expedition.  
The Officers sent to other Territories.  
The Spiritual Work proper—men-  
tioning the increase in soldiers, prisoners,  
finances, etc.

The Junior Work.  
The Rescue Work among women.  
The Men's Social Work.  
The Industrial Farm.  
The Property.

The Colonel fittingly chose the lines  
of the song, "We have conquered in  
times that are past," as his text. There  
were many accomplishments to cheer  
us on the way. We are apt and the  
rush of the immediate business that  
engages our attention constantly to  
forget what has been won; therefore,  
a short halt, to recall past triumphs,  
will often inspire us with fresh zeal  
and courage for future battles.

## With Hearts and Hands United.

We must not omit to mention, that  
the text read by the Field Commis-  
sioner at the opening session contained the  
key-note of the councils: "Is thine  
heart with mine heart? If it is give  
me thine hand." We believe all our  
hearts from the Colonel down to the  
youngest cadet were with our heroic  
leader in all her plans to better push  
the claims of the Kingdom.

"Now here's my heart and here's my  
hand  
To push the war throughout the land."

was sung with heart and might by  
all; these councils will help us all to  
be better warriors of the conquering  
Christ.

The crowning time was the closing  
meeting on Wednesday. Scores will  
remember the occasion as the moment  
when they made a distinct advance in  
their personal experience.

A pleasing feature of the Staff  
Council was the Commissioner's an-  
nouncement of several promotions:—  
Adjts. Creighton and Burditt, to be  
Staff-Captains, and Missions McGill  
and Kerr to be Adjutants. These pro-  
motions were received with tremendous  
applause; all our officers have seen  
many years of service in widely  
different parts of the Territory.

## Thursday Night.

Public Meeting in the Bond Street

Congregational Church.

The harometer registered "cold" on  
Thursday, and at the time the open-  
airs commenced a frosty wind hurried  
the people along the almost deserted  
streets. The officers and soldiers had  
divided into three sections, holding  
separate open-air meetings on differ-  
ent street corners just off Yonge St.  
The Staff Band marched from the Tem-  
ple, and their return route was so  
arranged that the three groups were  
picked up in turns, and united in one  
long procession up Yonge St. to the  
splendid Bond St. Church.

This edifice was well filled with a  
representative audience who stayed  
well, listened intently, and also gave  
splendidly when the collection was  
taken up.

Colonel Jacobs opened the service  
by giving out the singing song,  
"My soul is now united to Christ, the  
Living Vine."

The Staff Band played well and the  
singing was taken up heartily. Solos  
by Mrs. Major Hargrave and Capt. Velez  
Downey were sung impressively, the  
last-named officer accompanying her-  
self on the guitar.

The Field Commissioner's subject  
had been announced to be "Uncon-  
quered." The passage was selected from  
the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah,  
verse 10, "The Lord hath made bare  
His holy arm in the eyes of all the  
nations; and all the ends of the earth  
shall see the salvation of God."

For over an hour pointed truths,  
red-hot utterances, inspirational re-  
asoning in matters Divine, forceful ex-  
hortations and compassionate plea-  
gings fell with power upon the peo-  
ple, who with bated breath listened to and  
drank in the earnest, passionate elo-  
quence of the Field Commissioner.

"Grace is like a flowing river,"  
was not only sung, but felt, like a  
mighty force rushing down upon the  
congregation.

Brigadier Fugitive, with earnestness  
took hold of the prayer meeting, and  
kept faith alive with song and  
prayer, till one after another  
made their way to the altar  
to take hold of the bare  
arm of our God for the salvation of  
their soul.

"Here comes the eighth, where is  
the ninth?—Here is the ninth. Say  
Hallelujah!" and responding to the  
Brigadier's request a loud "Hallelu-  
jah" rang through the vaulted  
church.

"Here is the tenth," and still they  
came until it was near the midnight  
hour when that memorable meeting  
was brought to a close.

"Miss Booth simply surpassed her-  
self." "Excellent, I have never listened  
to a sermon that took hold of me like  
the one I have heard to-night." "Miss  
Booth, your address has been an in-  
spiration to me, I shall preach it over  
the best way I know how." (This from  
a minister.) These are some of the  
numerous remarks overheard in pass-  
ing.

## WINGED WORDS Of the Field Commissioner.

Faith will not thrive in an impure  
heart.

The ruling principle of development  
is use.

System makes a crowd one, and one  
a crowd.

System makes numbers, but it does  
not depend on them.

Inactivity will kill anything—plant,  
animal, science, or creature.

I believe the very foundation of  
Heaven rocks when a soul backslides.

Set a prize on the fish you catch; it  
will help you better to look after  
them.

Wen don't want a man on his face  
in the dust, but on his feet with the  
sword.

Christ did not call indolence into His  
apostleship. He selected them from  
the diligent.

Paul's care for his converts can only  
be compared to that of a tender mo-  
ther for her infants.

Lack of confidence is often taken for  
humility. We want the latter, but by  
no means the former.

Appeal to the poor side of a man  
and he will strike at you; appeal to  
the good side of him and he will shine  
back at you.

Responsibility puts weight upon a  
man that calls out all the best traits  
of his character to rise up and stretch  
out to bear it.

Where there is careful diligence ap-  
plied to duty, things come out all right  
—where there is careless negligence  
things come out all wrong.

All Calvary's darkness, all the blood  
shed by Jesus, was the price paid for  
the salvation of the least of the souls  
that kneel at our penitent form.

Time is only a detail of eternity—  
eternity's smallest fraction—but time  
denies eternity; so the details of our  
work will decide our life's triumph or  
defeat.

Do for your corps what we at Head-  
quarters do for the Territory—plan,  
arrange, fix, think and scheme  
until each man is engaged in some  
work for which he is most fitted.

Jacob's deception came back upon  
him every step of the way; his salary  
was reduced ten times, and he had to  
serve fourteen years for a wife, as  
well as under a hard and severe master  
his uncle Laban.

## AFTERMATH OF THE ANNIV- SARY MEETINGS.

The immediate practical result of the  
recent councils are already noticeable  
by the reports which have reached us  
of last Sunday's meetings in the To-  
ronto City Corps.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Major  
and Mrs. Hargrave and Capt. Velez  
report excellent meetings afternoon  
and night at Richmond St. Spauld  
crowds, good collections, and, best of  
all, THREE good cases of conversion  
at night.

Yorkville corps had a glorious day,  
and the excellent total of NINE souls  
out to the penitent form for salvation,  
some of them having been holding  
back for years. Hallelujah!

Adj. Moore has just taken charge  
of Edgar St., and received there a  
warm welcome. The Corps Corres-  
pondent reports extraordinary meet-  
ings all day. Soldiers have been in-  
spired with new zeal, and a backslider  
returned at night.

The Temple was not behind in their  
meetings. A blessed day was exor-  
cised, with six souls in the Fountain.

## HOBOISM.

The Way Into It and Out of It,  
Experienced and Explained by  
J. T. T.

A TRAMP is a man always on the move, who will not under any consideration work, and for that reason he can not stay anywhere, but would probably not move either if not compelled to. A "hobo" may be a man who later on becomes a tramp, but he will work, at least in spells; when he is not working he is drinking, and when he has no more to drink, he travels. He works in order to be able to drink, and when through drinking he is compelled to travel, because the place where he drops his earnings, as a rule, is not where the drunken hoboes are employed. Most of them get their start and training in the saloons and later on the same places become their hunting and camping ground, and without saloons and whiskey, it would be difficult for them to either start or finish. I got started in Chicago, not in fancy, but in deed, and here is the way it came about. I had a good position, steady work, fair wages, and a host of friends, and all went on well for a while, but by degrees saloons got to be

### Places that I Could Not Pass,

and after I got in, it was a hard job, either for myself, or anybody else to get me out again, and when I did get out I was not worth good for anything. It did not take long before I saw that moderation had gone to the wind, and as a drunkard I was just bringing

A hundred miles, more or less, did not make a great deal of difference, fare was no object, because I had none. There were three ways of travelling—the "roads," the "side-door" Pullman, and the "blind baggage." The first was the one most resorted to, because it was the surest, if not the safest, after we got in there, and the train well starter, nobody could get at us. The "side-door," or box-car, I did not use except there was plenty of time, for it had several drawbacks. For instance, a brakeman may appear on the scene at any time, and then the first question would be: "Where are you going?" "To 'Prisco," "Got any stuff?" "None."

"Well then you hit the ground, and be quick about it, too."

Sometimes it was either tight or obey, and when a train was moving fast the ground feels hard, when you strike it from the door of a box-car. The "blind baggage" was the platform of a baggage coach that had no door out of it, hence the name of blind, but it was to play hide and seek with the trainman continually, and to be on the

### Look Out for the Police

In the cities, jumping off and on at every station, it was very tiresome. Outside of these three general ways, there was chance that circumstances provided that I could not very well be described.

The summer I used to spend up north, and the winter down south, because most of the time I didn't have clothes enough to flag a handcar with, and was fitted out just about right for tropical weather. As to buy any clothes anywhere near a saloon, I soon gave that up, it could not be done.

there, with a physician and remedy afar off, probably to be reached and obtained, probably not, with no other hope than to die, reaching for but never able to grasp the remedy, and when dying it may still be in the distance. That did not help me much, only to feel miserable, and I soon found that of misery I had plenty without religion, and later on it was plain to me, that there was no kind of religion that would fit into the life of a drunken "hobo." There may be for those that give and them that possess the license to start him up and keep him at it, and to my notion they will need lots of it by-and-by, too. But infidelity, under the grand name of "free-thought," that fitted and suited exactly. The only trouble was that

### Free thought did not Bring About

but with it I was sinking deeper and deeper into slavery. There was lots of drinking, but no lifting power in it.

Through my wanderings, and through these people, looking for and seeking for the likes of me, I very often came in collision with the Salvation Army, and at last, thank God, through them I found a Saviour, that was able to bring about a complete revolution in my life. Hobolism, drunkenness, uncertainty, darkness and despair, wandering, and discontent, in one single hour, it all exploded and vanished for ever, and every chain and fetter was broken, and the light and peace, and contentment of my Almighty Redeemer flooded my miserable darkened heart and life. There I found power to live me up out of the most horrible pit man ever was in: power to resist, power to triumph on environments, and to live above circumstances, and power to keep me going upward and heavenward.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

## The Devil's Penny-in-the-Slot

W. C. D.

It is said the man who invented the original penny-in-the-slot box, made a fortune out of it. Its merit lies in its handiness. Your penny is in it before you know it. It meets you at every corner and stopping place. Wherever men congregate, there is the inviting little slot, with its promise of something sweet. Just big enough to take in a penny. Everything so easy; and so the pennies drop in all day long.

And the devil works his little game in the same way. He plants the saloon on every available corner. At ever turn there is the seductive Gin Palace. He has made it handy to get a drink. Wherever men congregate, there is the gilded palace or convenient resting place, that proves to be only one of the many mouths of the Pit of Woe.

Satan all day long gathers in the pennies and deals out the drinks. "Old time" stands upon his head most of the day and night, and empties out the devil's direct, containing the "headaches," the "blues," and the "snakes," the rags, the heartaches, and the despair.



ANY so-called Christians, when faced with the needs of the war chest, exclaim, "Money again—always begging!" Now, contrast the feelings of these people when there is any great popular national war on foot. Then what do they say to their statesmen? "You must ask for grants. You must not stick fast for money. We must win. John Bull must not be beaten for a few millions."

Ah, ah! their HEARTS are in that warfare. The women would sell their ornaments, and the men would hand over their balances, rather than England's freedom or greatness should be sacrificed.

Now, then, I say that if Christians had the true War spirit, which says, "I want the world for Christ Jesus—I want my King to reign over the hearts of men; He shall win, be it at the cost of money, or blood, or all else." If this spirit possessed them, instead of begrudging and reckoning how little they could give, and how much would save appearances, they would try how far they could deny themselves. MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

sorrow and disgrace on to myself and friends; I picked up, my mind that before I would do that I would get away to spend my miserable existence amongst people that knew me not. So in order to raise money to get away, I sold everything that would bring money, and everything that I could possibly get along without, as well as something that ordinary people can't get along without. To make the job complete I went out and got drunk on that money, and spent the last cent of it in whiskey, and then I was ready to, and did start.

I shall perhaps never find time to relate the hardships, escapes, and incidents that followed for many a dark year. It would fill a book as big as my Bible. It was work at anything for a time, then take the profit to the nearest publican that would take good cash for bad whiskey, and

### They were Always Handy.

After I had got as much poison, headache and trouble as there was in the whiskey that my money could buy, then it would be time to look around for another job, which, as a rule, would lay away out on the frontier, or a wilderness somewhere, where men were badly wanted and no questions asked.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

### Hellish Fires of Vice

and passion burning inside, and stamping me with the marks of sin outside. Alcohol started me and kept me a-going: It made me work in summer and winter in ice and snow, as well as under a burning sun. It made me risk my very life hundreds of times, made me go hungry for days, made me sleep many a night in summer and winter, with no other cover than the wind, frost, and clouds of the air, to face the day again with a head almost bursting with pain and limbs shivering as if they would part.

It hid the sorrows that I tried to drown in it, and put a gulf, that can never be bridged in this world, between me and those that was dearest to me on earth, and only for a Saviour that saves to the uttermost, would be the ruling, consuming and burning power of my life to-day and forever.

I started out in life with a religion that made me feel and believe that I was a condemned sinner, and left me

### A Cottage Meeting.

Friday, 21st, quite a nice little company started out to hold a parlor meeting at Mr. Jones', Bellington. Unfortunately it was a very wet night and very dark. Notwithstanding this, the wet did not drown out the courage nor pleasure of the party. Everyone suitably made up their mind to be a blessing to the people who could come to the meeting. We had a real good time. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Bro. Ibbotson and his very interesting family of five girls sang and played. I thought it very beautiful to see this family consecrated to God's service, going from place to place cheering the hearts of discouraged ones by their songs and music. Brigadier Complin and Adjt. Manton sang a duet about John 11. 16, everyone joining heartily in the chorus. Several testified to the goodness of God in saving their souls and bringing them out of bondage into freedom. We all proved that our happiness did not depend upon the weather, but our fellowship with saints and communion with God. We took up a collection and rejoiced to find over \$3 on the plate.—Adjt. Manton.

"MANY WILL ENTER THE  
WEEK WHO WILL NOT BE WITH  
US AT ITS CLOSE, AND MANY  
MORE WILL HAVE PASSED AWAY  
BEFORE NEXT SELF-DENIAL  
WEEK COMES. MAKE SOME SAC-  
RIFICES—WHILE YOU CAN."—Mrs.  
Bramwell Booth.

The pennies that ought to go to buy the little shoes and frocks, and the nourishing food for the finished wife, are stolen by Satan's "Old Time" trap. Even the shoes of the dead baby have been pawned and dropped into that old dealer's mouth!

Only Jesus can save from the power of the devil's slot-box. The right prayer is the cry of the sinking Peter, "Lord, save me!" And as quickly as Peter was helped by the strong arm of Jesus, so quickly will the same come to every one who trusts and cries for deliverance. Jesus can destroy the craving for drink and the pipe in a moment.

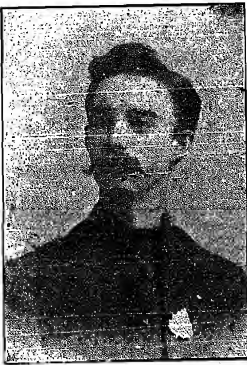
He will forgive the sins of the penitent heart as well, and banish the headaches, and the blues, and the snakes, and give "Beauty for ashes," and the "oil of joy" for mourning, and the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Hear the voice of Jesus speaking to you to-day, brother. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Put away the evil of your doings, from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye are willing and obedient ye shall eat of the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"THE SPIRIT and the BRIDE say COME, and HE that HEARETH, let him say COME, and HE that is THIRSTY, let him COME; HE that WILL, let him TAKE the water of LIFE FREELY!"







ENSIGN CUMMINS,  
North-West Province.

Hurrah! Hats off to Bro. McGill, of Winnipeg, he brings up a beautiful total of \$30.75. Who beats this? This Agent works night and day, and has only odd moments in which to do his collecting. He loves his work. God bless him.

Next comes that spry young man, J. H. Middaugh, of Moose Jaw. With a total of \$21.57, who practices self-denial in order to assist poor Lazarus. God will reward him.

Morden comes, by virtue of his noble works, into 3rd position, with a total of \$8.11. Very near \$2 better than last quarter. Well done, good and faithful servants.

Portage la Prairie lost her laurels of third by 11c, not much either. It takes a noble 4th position, with an increase of \$3 over last quarter.

Fort William, I welcome you to 5th position and indeed you deserve it. Mrs. G. Smith worked hard and comes up with \$5.60. May you go on to greater victories.

And Edmonton, away up in the frozen north, comes up with \$7.29, only 10c behind Fort William. I am sure that Sister McKay will do her best to surpass Port William next quarter. You watch her.

Itai Portage brings up \$5. Very good, but a decrease on last quarter.

Vivien must not be forgotten. His worthy L.A. walks up with a neat \$5.12. Splendid, indeed. May prosperity attend your efforts.

Grafton does fine and walks in next with \$4.98. Beautiful, indeed.

Jamestown \$4.68, Valley City \$4.24, Brandon \$3.91, Lisbon \$3.70, Emerson \$3.42, Fargo \$3.42, Midway \$3.30. Kindly watch the big splash there is going to be among this batch next quarter.

Now come a few personal boxes which deserve mentioning. How is this? Ensign Cummins collected no less than \$11.73. Who can beat this in the Dominion?

Ensign Bailey follows. He brings up the worthy amount out of his box of \$2.75. How is this Field Officers and Staff Officers? Adit. Muenamara will make you look out, Ensign, this quarter; she has accepted your challenge.

Adit. Dale follows up with \$1.55. Beautiful, indeed. He loves Lazarus all right. Moose Jaw's L. A. is principled. He raised in his box \$3.35. Handsome!

Bro. Hewitt, of Minot, had \$2.11. Bro. J. Schmitt of Moose Jaw, brought up \$2.05. Mrs. Shertis, Minnedosa, \$1.11. While Mrs. Chambers, of Port William, drops in \$1.10, and the following brings up one dollar each: Mrs. McCarthy and Jack Green, Itai Portage; Mrs. R. Bigger, Port Arthur; Mrs. Balantyne, Regina; Mrs. Terry and the officers quarters, Calgary. Mrs. Story and Mrs. Brerum, of Edmonton. All of the above deserve a hearty God bless you, which all receive from your Provincial Agent.

## Hamilton Anniversary.

Judging from the loud "Amen's" and "Hallelujahs," the singing of "Roll the old chariot along," and the mention of Capt. Freer's name at the Army Citadel yesterday afternoon, at the Anniversary services, one might almost imagine himself in Larkin Hall, in October, 1882, when the Army opened fire in this city. The service took the form of a "war memories" meeting, and a goodly number of the first members of the early days spoke and made reference to Capt. Freer and wife, who opened the work here. The first newspaper report printed by the Times, about a column in length, on Monday, October 16th, 1882, was read by one of the bandmen and added much to the interest of the meeting.—Hamilton Times.

The Herald of the same date (Oct. 24th) had the following editorial in its pages:

### The Salvation Army.

Our friends, the Salvationists, have been celebrating the sixteenth anniversary of the beginning of their work in Hamilton. These sixteen years have been years of hard uphill work for the Salvationists—years not only of much toil and hardship, but of many and great discouragements. The Army workers have done a vast amount of good without getting the credit of it. Many women and men have, through their instrumentalities, been rescued from lives of shame and degradation and transformed into good citizens and good Christians—only to leave the Army and be drafted into the ranks of church membership when they tired of Army methods. It is a work of great self-sacrifice in which the Salvation Army is engaged. The Army people are recruiting officers for the churches—and as often as not they have to endure the scorn and criticism and ingratitude of the churches as well as the hostility of the devil's active forces. But they cheerfully accept the conditions and go on with their work, building but entering not in, sowing seed in order that others may reap the harvest, doing the dangerous and unpleasant duty as the advance guard of the church militant. They are brave soldiers of the Cross, are the Salvationists. We may smile at their methods, and sometimes regret their extravagance; but if real apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice and faith are alive in the church to-day, they are manifested in the daily lives and work of many who follow the Army colors.

### SLASH THE TRAPS.

The General recently told an anecdote which reveals the ruling principle of his work, and his sense of its recompense. A little girl whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her, injected this into her bedtime prayer:

"O Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please don't let them! Oh, I know they won't! They can't! Amen."

"Do!" said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, 'cause—'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"Do!" said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"'Cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"Do!" said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"'Cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"Do!" said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"'Cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."



Self-Denial! By thunder! What next!



BAY ROBERTS.—On Monday night we had a very special meeting at the out post, Clark's Beach, held in the reformed Episcopal Church. We believe that many were convicted of sin. Ten souls for the week. Yours believing, A. G. Brown, Capt.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive here doing our best for God and souls. This week has been a week of blessing. Last Sunday night Cadet Moore said good-bye. He leaves for the Training Home. One recruit came in to take her place.—D. Moulton, Capt.

TILT COVE, Nfld.—What about the H. P. now? Well, it is just this: We had blessed times, not out target—\$30. It looked quite a large thing for a little place, but we never can tell what we can do till we try. For two weeks we fought a hard battle. We prayed and begged and worked with all our might. Then after all was gathered in we found to our delight \$35 over the target. We also could praise God for ten souls in the Fountain. To God we give all the glory.—G. Cooper, Ensign.

ST. JOHNS I, Nfld.—In giving his testimony last Sunday, Capt. Cook, who is here from Toronto, reminded us of the little boy who, being asked by his father as a Christian, replied, "Yes, but he don't work at it." The Captain said, "You people are not like that, but you are Christians, and you work at it," which, thank God, is true. We are working and having victory. The new barracks is started, and officers and soldiers are busy to make it go. Last Sunday night twelve weary souls sought and found Jesus, and on Tuesday night 12 more came forward, making fifteen for the week.—Capt. Barry.

ST. JOHNS II, Nfld.—After an absence of more than six years, I have been my privilege to revisit one of my old battle grounds, Heart's Content. Many changes have taken place, and many have gone to their long home. There are a few faithful soldiers who are doing their best for God and souls, while there we had the joy of seeing SIX souls at the Mercy Seat. Captain Leggo, who is home resting, rendered good assistance and was made happy in seeing her dear mother getting right with God. I returned home to-day and heard the glad news that THIRTEEN souls had answered to God at St. John's II. Our motto for the Self-Denial Campaign is, "Take heed, fear not, neither be faint-hearted."—Annie Bezze, Ensign.

CHANNEL.—Just a word to let the readers of the War Cry know we are part of the Salvation Army. Although about two hundred miles from any other corps on the island, yet we are in for good work, and can extend the Kingdom of our God. The past week we laid the foundation of a new barracks, and we are believing ere long Channel will be able to boast of a new building, which will mean a great blessing to the people, as the old building we now hold meetings in is in a very poor condition, besides being very small and not able to accommodate half the people that would like to come along to our meetings. With our few soldiers here, we are in for doing our best for God and the Salvation Army. The people love the Army, also the War Cry. We sell out every week.—Capt. E. Hiscock.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Thursday night good crowd gathered at the barracks to witness the dedication of the infant son of Sgt. Richard Ash. The child was dedicated by Ensign Kenney. The service was very impressive. We enjoyed an address given by our old friend, Ensign Boggs, on "Chance of circumstances." The subject is taken from the "High man and Lazarus." There was no visible reason but we believe we reaped some of the fruits at the holiness meeting next night, when two souls came out to the penitent form. This week saw the launching of the Ward System, which we believe will give great victories for the Kingdom. Ensign Kenney not only works hard himself, but knows how to keep other people at work.—M. J. W. Rep. Cor.

It is wrong theology that will induce a man to travel farther to see his mother dead than alive.

## Gone to Heaven.

Margaret French.

On Tuesday last we laid at rest the body of our Sister Margaret French. Although not able to attend meetings being a cripple, she was a devoted, loyal Salvationist, also a true soldier of Jesus Christ. Lives like hers are very rare. It was always the "Kingdom first."

She was converted in a cottage meeting, led by a brother Salvationist from Toronto, formerly a native of Harbor Grace (William Courage). As she could not fight in the front of the battle, she asked the Lord to show her some way by which she could help to extend His Kingdom. The result was the cultivation of a few flowers, these findings ready aide, the money was cheerfully devoted to the Rescue Work. Eternity alone will reveal the good that has been accomplished by this noble self-denying effort. As her body lay under the ravages of that dread disease, consumption, she was sometimes urged to keep some of the money to supply herself with little delicacies, craved by her failing appetite; but her answer invariably was, "My flowers belong to God, and He shall have every cent of the money, with trust Him to supply my wants." During the last illness she was visited by Christians of different denominations. One Presbyterian brother, speaking of her funeral, said, "I went to comfort and he's out, but she helped me." Others testified to the same, that they always got cheered and helped by visiting her. She took such an interest too in the Army publications, the War Cry and All the World. When too feeble to read them herself, her brother would read them to her, thus she kept in touch with all that was being done. Her funeral was very solemn and impressive. During the service at the barracks, several spoke of her good life, and wondered who would take her place. If she, in her weakness, could do so much, what could not one possessing youth, health and strength do, if they would only say, "Here am I, Lord, help me to follow her as she followed Christ." It can truly be said of her, "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."—M. W. J. S. S.-31.

Rosa McNeelley.

During the past week it has been our sad duty to lay dear little Rosa to rest last resting-place. For some weeks dear Sister McNeelley has been a mother's most loving and tender care on her darling, but like a little flower she faded away. She was loved by all who knew her. A very impressive service was held both at the house and grave, where we all consecrated ourselves afresh to God and His service. It was a touching sight to see four of our little Juniors carry the saint's coffin to the grave.—A. Barber, Lt. Col. for Ensign Hranikan.

### Major Collier will Visit:

Charlottetown, Wednesday, Nov. 9th. New Glasgow, Thursday, Nov. 10th. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Column.) North Sydney, Friday, Nov. 11th. Glouce Bay, Saturday, Nov. 12th. Sydney, Sunday, Nov. 13th. North Sydney, Monday, Nov. 14th. Officers and soldiers pray for these gatherings.

### G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Watford, Nov. 11; Stratford, Nov. 12, 13; London, Nov. 14; Stratford, Nov. 15; Mitchell, Nov. 16; Seaford, 17; Bayfield, Nov. 18; Goderich, Nov. 19, 20; Clinton, Nov. 21, 22; Wingham, Nov. 23; Wexford, Nov. 24; Brussels, Nov. 25; Lis-towel, Nov. 26, 27; Palmerston, Nov. 28; Drayton, Nov. 29, 30.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Bath, Mont., Nov. 11; Butte, Mont., Nov. 12, 13, 14; Dillon, Mont., Nov. 15, 16; Milrose, Mont., Nov. 17; Glendale, Mont., Nov. 18; Anaconda, Mont., Nov. 19, 20, 21; Burlington, Nov. 22; Whitehall, Nov. 24; Bozeman, Nov. 25, 26, 27; Livingston, Nov. 28, 29.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Prepout, Nov. 11-15; Words Harbor, Nov. 17; West Head, Nov. 18; Clark's Harbor, Nov. 19, 20; Yarmouth, Nov. 21.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Aurora, Nov. 10; Holland Landing, Nov. 11; Newmarket, Nov. 12, 13; Stroud, Nov. 14; Barrie, Nov. 15, 16; Orillia, Nov. 17; Coldwater, Nov. 18; Midland, Nov. 19, 20; Tottenham, Nov. 21; Gravenhurst, Nov. 22, 23; Bracebridge, Nov. 24; Barville, Nov. 25; Huntsville, Nov. 26, 27.

ENSIGN SIMS.—Ottawa, Nov. 10, 11; Arnprior, Nov. 12; Perth, Nov. 13; Kenilworth, Nov. 14; Perth, Nov. 16.



HESPELER—winning side. (Sunday, ONE'S night—W. H. I.)



OMENDE—Port ONE soul Ensign Andrews, Oct., and enjoy.

MORRISBURG is still going on meetings all day very near and Sleeth.

SELKIRK—V path. Crowds well. Praise G kirk are very needs.—Cadet I.

BERLIN.—St Army barracks an increase of "Berlin (tear)

DIGBY, N. Sergt and Mrs. Had a good time had some pray us wonderfully.

LISBON, N. Westcott has new officers but that God still us victory.—Ed

VALLEY CITY to Fargo this diers held by ONE back Hallelujah—L

GRAVENHUR Glory has been and we have Cry's all sold Gravenhurst

HALIFAX with us, and will. Good soul for the pardon. Hallel

VIRDEN, M to our midst believe has us on to vict shall win.—Cor.

PORTAGE been reinforced Krieger from who has con God's Kingdom week, and m

MINOT, N officers' cou blessed time determined precious soul lighted with proud of it.

MISSOUL end meeting claimed. Ho on the mov fested time

LAKEVIEW urday night on account yield. We Redner, from a good life officer who Miller and



# One to Heaven.

Margaret French.

Tuesday last we laid at rest the body of our Sister, Margaret French, a cripple, who was a devoted, loyal Christian, also a true soldier of Jesus Christ. Lives like hers are very rare. She was converted in a college meeting, by a brother Salvationist from Toronto. Formerly a native of Harbor Grace, N.S., she was a true soldier of Jesus Christ. As she could not go to the front of the battle, she asked God to show her some way by which she could help to extend His Kingdom. The result was the cultivation of a few flowers, these finding a home in the Rescued Work. Literally she will reveal the good that has been in her body given to self-denying service.

As her body grew weaker, the cultivation of that dread disease, consumption, she was sometimes urged to stop the money to supply her little necessities, but her answer invariably was, "My flowers belong to God. I will trust Him to supply my needs." During the last illness she was visited by Christians of different denominations. One Presbyterian brother, coming at her funeral, said, "I want to help her, but she helped me. Others testified to the same, that they were cheered and helped by her. She took such an interest in the Army publications, the War Cry, the World. When too feeble to read them herself, her brother would read them to her, thus she kept in with all that was being done. Her interest was very solemn and impressive. The service at the barracks, spoke of her good life, and how she would take her place if she were here. It could do so much, what for one possessing youth, health and strength, do if they would only say, "Lord, help me to follow the footsteps of Christ." It can be said of her, "She rests from her labor and her works do follow her."—J. S. S.-M.

Rosa McNeilly.

In the past week it has been our privilege to lay dear little Rosa to her last place. For some weeks dear Rosa McNeilly has been in a mother's arms, and tender care on her part. Like a little flower she has bloomed. She was loved by all who knew her. A very impressive service was held at the house and grave, where all consecrated ourselves to God and His service. It was a privilege to see her in her last moments, carry the same coffin to the grave. —A. Barber, Lieut., for Ensign.

## Major Collier will Visit:

Town, Wednesday, Nov. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

## B. M. Appointments.

J. COLLIER—Watford, Nov. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. STAGERS—Bash, Mont., Nov. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. BUTTE, MONT.—Nov. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. GLENDALE, MONT.—Nov. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. WHITLAND, NOV.—Nov. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. LIVINGSTON, NOV.—Nov. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. PERRY—Fredericton, Nov. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. ANDREWS—Aurora, Nov. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. SIMS—Ottawa, Nov. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

## THE WAR CRY.

(3)



HESPELER.—We are still on the winning side. Good meetings all day Sunday. ONE soul came to Jesus last night.—W. H. R. C.



MRS. J. ANDERSON.

G. B. M. Agent, of Watford, Ont., has forty G.M. boxes out in her house.

OMEMEE.—Praise God, since last report ONE soul has repented. We had Ensign Andrews with us on the 18th of Oct., and enjoyed his visit.—Reg. Cor.

MORRISBURG.—Thank God the war is still going on in Morrisburg. Good meetings all day Sunday. God came very near and blessed us.—Lieutenant Sleeth.

SELKIRK.—We are still on the war path. Crowds and collections keep up well. Praise God. The people of Selkirk are very kind, supplying all our needs.—Capt. Huxford.

BERLIN.—Staff-Capt. Phillips and Capt. Liston were well received at the Army barracks yesterday. There was an increase of attendance and income.—"Berlin Record."

DIGBY, N. S.—We paid a visit to Sgt. and Mrs. Adams, at Boy View. Had a good time and before leaving had some prayer and the Lord blessed us wonderfully.—S. D. R. C.

LISBON, N. D.—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott have farewelled and our new officers have arrived. We believe that God still lives and is able to give us victory.—Edna B. Bradley.

VALLEY CITY.—Officers were away to Fargo this week to counsel. Soldiers held on alone. Efforts rewarded by ONE backslider returning to God. Hallelujah!—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

GRAVENHURST.—The King of Glory has been with us all the week, and we have had good meetings. War Cry all sold out. Meeting in West Gravenhurst extra good.—F. T. Cor.

HALIFAX I.—We feel the Lord is with us, and blessing us to do His will. Good meetings Sunday. ONE soul for the blessing, and ONE for pardon. Hallelujah!—Treasa, Cashin.

VIRIDEN, Man.—We have welcomed to our midst Capt. Elliott, whom we believe has come to his best to lead us on to victory. "Trusting Jesus we shall win."—Yours, W. McGee, Reg. Cor.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—We have been reinforced this week by Lieut. Krelger, from Rat Portage Garrison, who has come to assist in building up God's Kingdom. ONE more sold this week, and more in prospect.—J. C. H.

MINOT, N. D.—Just home from the officers' councils at Fargo. Had a blessed time and am more than ever determined to fight hard and win precious souls for Jesus. We are delighted with the new War Cry. Feel proud of it.—G. Graham, Capt.

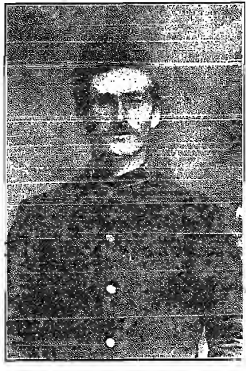
MISSOULA, MONT.—Beautiful week-end meetings. ONE backslider returned. Hallelujah! Everybody is on the move. Best of interest manifested in both open-air and inside meetings. We are believing for greater things yet.—Allan Langill, Lieut.

LAKEFIELD.—Good meetings Saturday night and Sunday. Some went on account of their sins but would not yield. We had Bros. Eastman and Redner from Peterboro, who gave us a good lift. We have room for a great many more when you can spare one.—Scrib. Miller and wife.

HOULTON.—Ensign Perry was with us on Thursday night with his magic lantern. The service was entitled, "On the verge," and was much enjoyed by all who were present.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

FARGO, N. D.—Hallelujah for victory! Three souls for salvation. The officers' councils have been real blessed times. The officers all speak highly of the kind treatment they received while here from the many friends who entertained them.—M. H. S. Reg. Cor.

CLINTON.—We are having victory here. Capt. Keeler and Lieut. Copeman farewelled Sunday. They have been a great blessing here in Clinton. Adj. Moore, who has been on furlough, farewelled also, best of all, TWO souls in the Fountain.—Ralph H. Bezzo, Sergt-Major.



CAPTAIN GREEN

Battle of Yarmouth, N.S.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Ensign Hamilton is leading on. Good times all week. One by one souls are being saved. Sinners deeply convicted. Friday night welcome to Capt. Meredith, late of Revelstoke, B. C. We are in for victory. We are the people.—Yours in the fight, Bro. J. Harris.

WINDSOR, Ont.—The Lord indeed came near and helped us on Sunday. A saved liquor dealer, from Detroit, shouted. Some danced, some sang, some clapped their hands, and everybody got blessed, especially the brother who claimed victory over his sins.—Fred Burton, Captain.

OAKVILLE.—We have just had a visit from Bro. Ibbotson and family. Their music and singing was enjoyed by everyone. We could not seat the people on Sunday night, and had the largest income for some years. We pray that God may richly bless them wherever they go.—L. Pollard, ex Lieut. Cornish.

RICHMOND ST. (Old No. 1).—Cndets Churchill and Edwards farewelled. Another day of victory. Five souls Sunday night, making fourteen for the two weeks. Collections, the best yet. Real live soldiers. Barracks repainted and papered. Opening next Sunday the 29th, by Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire, and Mrs. Gaskin, Major and Mrs. Hargrave. Believing for something special.—Ensign Fletcher.

JANESBORO, N. D.—Officers away to Fargo for council all week. Sergt. Major Lenton, assisted by Sec. Seckins, led the meetings. Had a good time. Capt. Mitchell and her Lieutenant here for holiness meetings on Friday night, enjoyed their visit very much. Good week-end meetings. FOUR souls for cleansing Sunday morning.—Trifloria.

LARIMORE, N. D.—Glory to God, the officers have returned from council with Ensign Cummins. Beautiful meetings. On Friday Ensign gave a Graphophone Service, which was greatly enjoyed by all. On Saturday lantern

service entitled, "The daughter of a King." It is grand, beyond description. God bless these efforts. On Sunday four soldiers from Grand Forks were with us. At night TWO poor, starved souls held up their hands for prayer. Let us pray and believe for their salvation.—C. DeHaven, Sergt.

BLENNHEIM.—Good crowd yesterday. We have raised our War Cry order to 100, and there is a general improvement all round, not forgetting the dear old Cry. A new foundation has been put under the barracks, and we expect to be better able to fight the powers of darkness. Capt. Hoddinott, the mighty man of sermons, will make it hot for the devil and all his train.—Ina Groom.

SUDBURY.—Two recruits enrolled this week. Local Officers lead meetings this week during absence of Adjutant and Lieutenant. The Oct. 29th issue of the War Cry just to hand. The frontpiece is pronounced by some here as "the best yet"—the Field Commissioner, with her password Courage, cannot fail to inspire the hearts of her soldiers throughout the Territory.

N. H. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

ESSEX.—Sunday night we closed our meeting at half past eleven with ONE soul in the Fountain—being a young man who had for some time held malice in his heart against some one whom he considered had done him a great injury. Although had been out at different times before, yet never came in. He came in Sunday night, made a full surrender. After leaving the meeting went to the person concerned (although it being nearly 12 o'clock at night) and asked him for forgiveness. Hallelujah! God is able and will save to the uttermost, if we only surrender our all.—Yours praying and hallowing for victory, J. Coe, Capt.

WINGHAM.—We had a banquet on Thursday. The tables were well set with good food, mostly given by kind friends. Those who were there were well satisfied. At night there was a good crowd, both in the open-air and in the barracks. The meeting had previously been announced to be a "Oh-so-joyful" time, and so it came to pass, too. Capt. McCutcheon, Lieut. Hault, and Bro. Plant, from Liswell, made it quite lively. Capt. McCutcheon was chairman. Our singing band did splendidly, led on by Bandmaster Caillon, formerly of Winnipeg. The Bandmaster is a good musician, and is always willing to do anything for the glory of God. He sang an original song of his own composition, composed especially for the occasion. The chorus went with a swing. Bro. Simmons, the Editor of the Journal, sang a good solo, accompanied by his guitar. Lieut. Hodgson sang, "You may yet see better days," soldiers and friends testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Our worthy chairman sang his favorite, "Is not this the land of Beulah?" Lieut. Baird read a few verses from the 46th Psalm.—Ensign W. Orchard.



CADET J. ADAMS.

War Cry Reader, of Rat Portage.

LETHBRIDGE.—We have just welcomed Lieut. Burlock, from Moose Jaw. Had good meetings all day Sunday. TWO souls at night. The soldiers were so happy they had to dance. Seven out for a blessing in soldiers' meetings. Our crowds are splendid. Half packed. Sunday night War Cry sold. Fire a volley for the N. W. baby corps.—Fanny.

CARLETON, N. B.—Praise is due to Sergt. Mrs. Olin for the way she has so nobly helped us since we came to Carleton. During two months she collected over \$7. A few weeks ago she was commissioned War Cry Sergt. First week she sold 15, since she has been on the up grade—last week she sold 7. She is a hustler. It is quite hard at present here, still we believe for victory. Two souls since we came.—G. M. Allen, Capt., E. L. Sell, Lieut.

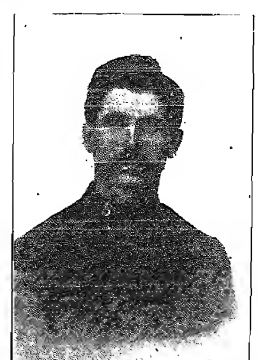
VICTORIA.—Our officers have been to Spokane for the councils, yet the meetings went with a swing. Saturday night the band led. Sunday, Adj. Barr, Monday, Bro. Porter and Bro. Jackson—they did beautiful. Tuesday, soldiers' meeting, led by Adj. Barr—

a good spiritual time. Wednesday, Soldiers' meeting, led by Sister Crooks and Sister Townsend, both are good leaders and singers, it could not help being a success. Thursday night, the Brothers' meeting—oh, how it did rain, yet they did their best. God bless them. Friday night, holiness meeting, led by Sister McEntimer. Saturday, welcome home to Adj. and Mrs. Ayre, finishing up with a Pound Meeting.—M. L.

LINDSAY.—Our corps has just been visited by Ensign Andrews, the G. B. M. Agent, who gave us some very interesting, as well as instructive, lantern views; the subject was, "A daughter of Ishmael." On Sunday the officers said good-bye, after about four months' hard fighting.—A. Moore, S.-M.

MONTREAL II.—Ensign Ward and Lieut. Tracy have farewelled. Eight and a half months ago Capt. Ward took charge of this corps, and right through it has been a time of continual victory. Now we are out of debt and several new soldiers are on the platform. The holiness meetings have been the means in God's hand of uplifting and strengthening the corps. Sunday morning one soul was sanctified. In the afternoon a real fire and led. One brother was enrolled under the good old Army Flag; but at night was the crowning time. THREE souls came to God and got saved. One got so free that he jumped on the platform and on the chair, then he picked up the drum and beat it around the platform. There was a regular old-time dance, and we finished up at eleven o'clock, with "Crown Him Lord of all."—G. W. H. C.

WINGHAM.—We had a banquet on Thursday. The tables were well set with good food, mostly given by kind friends. Those who were there were well satisfied. At night there was a good crowd, both in the open-air and in the barracks. The meeting had previously been announced to be a "Oh-so-joyful" time, and so it came to pass, too. Capt. McCutcheon, Lieut. Hault, and Bro. Plant, from Liswell, made it quite lively. Capt. McCutcheon was chairman. Our singing band did splendidly, led on by Bandmaster Caillon, formerly of Winnipeg. The Bandmaster is a good musician, and is always willing to do anything for the glory of God. He sang an original song of his own composition, composed especially for the occasion. The chorus went with a swing. Bro. Simmons, the Editor of the Journal, sang a good solo, accompanied by his guitar. Lieut. Hodgson sang, "You may yet see better days," soldiers and friends testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Our worthy chairman sang his favorite, "Is not this the land of Beulah?" Lieut. Baird read a few verses from the 46th Psalm.—Ensign W. Orchard.



LIEUT. C. POLLETT.

Bandmaster, 58th.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

### Spokane Rescue Work.

From a very touching letter addressed to Mrs. Read, by Adj. Langtry, we extract the following: "You will be pleased to hear that we are getting on well in the Home, which is more than full; yet I cannot turn away any person who is in need and sorrow—the most of the cases are pitiable. One woman with three small children had to run away from a drunken husband; she came here being murdered. I took her in, and a few days afterwards found work for her; she earns now \$30 per month, and pays for the keep of her children in the Home. And so for many I have been able to find work during the last few days. We have twenty-one in the Home, big and little.

### The Offence of the Cross.

"Wherein consists that offence? Not only in this, that it demands the remuneration of self-righteousness as merit, of the world as an idol, of worldly wisdom as my pride, of personal achievements as my glory. No, the cross is to the natural and carnal heart most of all an offence, because it teaches me that self must be crucified, that I must give without hoping to get, and lose my life to save my life, to love where I am hated, and to serve where I am met, even with serving with the sword and the thorns, the wagging head and the scolding tongue, the mocking and the spitting—in a word, the cross instead of the crown."

### A Lieutenant's Anecdote.

Entered a smiling, blond Lieutenant, with the flush of youth on his cheek, "I have an anecdote to tell you."

"Yes, go ahead."

"A certain young man who had undergone a surgical operation had his face bandaged, and that account felt rather shy to go in that condition to church. 'Oh, they won't mind my bandages in the Salvation Army,' he thought, and to the Salvation Army he went that Sunday and got so wonderfully blessed that Sabbath, that it kept him testifying ever since."

### True Possessions.

The following may doubtless be known to some of our readers, still it is well worth repeating and singularly appropriate for meditation for preparation for the coming Self-Denial Week: Over an old stone carving of the prostrate form of a well-known philosopher in Rome the following inscription is cut into the solid wall:

"What I spent I had.  
What I saved I lost.  
What I gave I have."

### Newfoundland Harvest Festival.

"Eventually we have proved that there is such a thing as victory through defeat. During the past two years we were not able to hit the Provincial Target, but there is an old saying that the third time beats all, and so we have proved it, for we have gone nearly \$200 over last year. The very thought of this ought to drive away every doubt, and convince all that when we make up our minds to do it, we can wrest success from the hands of failure."—Ocean Wave.

### Colonel Musa Bhal.

Many of our readers will have blessed and pleasant memories of the Colonel, then Major Musa Bhal, who visited many places in Canada some years ago in company with some of our Indian comrades. We are pleased to print here the Colonel's testimony, as it was given by him recently in an interview with a representative of our London War Cry.

"Thirty as ever for God! I love Jesus with all my heart. My ideal is still the same—more sacrifice for Him who was sacrificed for me. I am every day more and more convinced that the only hope for the Oriental is the Holy Ghost. Education is good, wisdom is good; but both are worthless for this task without the Holy Ghost. Souls are getting saved in India, but only in proportion as they are brought into contact with the Holy Ghost. I am more deeply interested in the work of the Holy Ghost than ever to get souls saved. 'More profession is a sham. I am always pained by sham; but how very much more to much the heart of the Lord Jesus be pained by those who only offer Him lip service!'"

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?



## Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

### CHAPTER VII.



ABOUT nine months after my recovery from small-pox Father LaCombe brought me a letter from Father de la Motte, recommending him to my esteem. I was loath to make new acquaintances, but the fear of offending prevailed. God had already made use of me for the conversion of three of his creatures. The strong desire he had of seeing me again induced him to come to our country house.

A way opened for me to speak to him. As he was with my husband, who relished his company, he was taken ill, and retired to the garden. My husband had me see what was the matter with him. He told me he had remarked in my countenance a deep presence of God, which had given him a strong desire of seeing me again. God assisted me to open to him the inward path of the soul, and conveyed so much grace to him through this spiritual channel, that he went away changed into quite another man.

At home, I was accused of everything that was spoiled or broken. At first I told the truth, and said it was not I. They persisted, and accused me of lying. I then made no reply. They told all their tales to such as came to the house. But when I was afterwards alone with the same persons, I never undeceived them. My heart kept its habitation in the tacit consciousness of my own innocence, not concerning myself which they thought well or ill of me; excluding all the world, all opinions of censures, and minding nothing but the friendship of God only.

GOD KNOWS HOW TO RENDER THE CROSSES CONFORMABLE TO THE ABILITY OF THE CREATURE TO BEAR THEM, giving them all ways something new and unexpected.

In acts of charity I was as glorious. So great was my tenderness for the poor, that I wished to support all their wants. I could not see their necessity without reproaching myself for the plenty I enjoyed. I deprived myself of all I could

shops. My heart was much opened towards my fellow-citizens in distress, and few would carry charity much farther than our Lord enabled me to do, both while married and since.

I obtained leave to go to Paris for the cure of my eye; yet much more through the desire to see Monsieur Bertot, a man of profound experience. Mother Granger had assigned to me for my director. I went to take leave of my father, who embraced me with peculiar tenderness, little thinking it would be the last adieu.

Paris was a place no longer to be dreaded. The throngs only served to draw me into a deep reflection, and the noise of the streets but augmented my inward prayer.

HOW MANY THINK THEIR OWN WILLS QUITE LOST, WHILE THEY ARE YET FAR FROM IT! They would find they will subvert, if they met with several trials. Who is there who does not wish something for himself, either of interest, wealth, honor, pleasure, convenience or liberty? And he who thinks his mind loose from all these subjects, because he possesses them, might soon preserve his attachment to them, were he stripped. If there are found in a whole age three persons so dead to everything, as to be utterly resigned to Providence without any exception, they may well pass for prodigals of grace.

One day I woke at four in the morning, with a strong impression that my father was dead; and though my love for him affected it with sorrow, and my body with weakness.

In the afternoon I was with the abbess. I told her I had strong presentiments of my father's death. Presently one came from my husband to inform me my father was ill. I said, "He is dead. I have no doubt about it." I sent to Paris immediately, to hire a coach, to go the sooner; mine waited for me at the midway.

I was obliged, about midnight, to cross a forest, notorious for murders and robberies. The most in rapid dread I felt, but my religious heart left me scarce any room to think about it. Oh, what fears and uneasiness does a resigned soul spare itself!

I found on my arrival, that my

you are praying to our Jesus," and dropping on her knees, would begin to pray too. She was innocent, modest, dutiful, endearing and beautiful. Her father doted on her, and to me she was dear more for the qualities of her mind than her beautiful person. She was my consolation; for she had much affection for me, as her brother had aversion. She died of an unreasonable bleeding.

There remained to me only the pain of my sorrow. He fell ill to this point of death, but was restored at the prayer of Mother Granger, now my only consolation after God. I no more wept for my child than for my father. Both died in July, 1672. From henceforth crosses were not spared me, yet they were only the shadows of that which I have since passed through, pursuant to a marriage contract which I had lately entered into with Christ. In this spiritual marriage I claimed for my dowry only crosses, sorrows, persecutions, ignominies, lowliness, and nothingness of self, which in His great goodness, and for wise ends, He has been pleased to grant me.

(To be continued.)

"OUR WORK FOR THE POOR PRESENTS, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AN OBJECT LESSON OF THE TEACHING OF CHRIST IN THE FIRST. IT IS, AS WAS SAID BY ONE OF THE ABLEST OF CRITICS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED IT, 'A WINDOW ON TO EARTH THROUGH WHICH THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS SHINING.' HILLIUS."—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

## POWER.

"Even me Lord, even me Lord, Let Thy Power descend on me."

That song was running through my mind and soul, until I felt the fountain of God's blessing was upon me. Thoughts of this kind came to me: I do not matter what kind of people we are, what talents we possess, or what capabilities we have; we may all prove the reality of that dear old saying, "Even me Lord, even me Lord, let Thy power descend on me." Others may rush by us in the way of achievement, and we may feel the quickness of those, that everything we seem to do we fall in (or the devil may make us believe that), but to be filled with the Spirit of God is worth more than all the talents we could possess. All the ability to speak well, make a meeting go, to be able to sing beautifully, or play an instrument, are good; but these are none of the things which can take the place of a Spirit-filled life. Oh, for more of it. Think God the fires of persecution, and the harassing of perplexing difficulties, or the thousand and one ways that we may have of besetting your track, cannot prevent this inward blessing of God, or our entering through your voice. Those who can estimate the value of it, or how dare we as followers of God be without it? It equips us for our work in dealing with men and women for eternity, and keeps the fountain of our souls from drying up. Oh, how much effort people put forth in all they do (which is right and beautiful), and, oh, the meetings we go through; but do you, my comrades, lay yourself out before God, and let Him saturate you very heart through and through. Have you never as yet had the power from on high fall upon you? If you have not, do not rest until God has come here as like a "mighty rushing wind," and you can sing, "Even me Lord, even me Lord, now Thy power descend on me."

I tell you, one meeting you can feel the union of the Holy One resting upon you will accomplish more for God and souls than hundreds without. I don't say you will see everybody in the meeting coming to the point of faith, but your work will "last." God says, "In the last days I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." He wants to pour it out upon you now. F. K. B.

## APPOINTMENTS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby . . . . . Friday, November 4th.  
Buffalo, N.Y. . . . . Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.  
Halifax, N.S. . . . . Tuesday, November 29th.  
Truro, N.S. . . . . Thursday, December 1st.  
Montreal . . . . . Sunday, December 4th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.

to help them. Being refused by others, they all came to me. "Oh, my Divine love," I cried, "it is Thy substance: I am only Thy steward. I ought to distribute according to Thy will." I found means to relieve them without letting myself be known, because I had one who dispensed my aims privately.

I caused young girls to be taught how to earn their livelihood, especially such as were handsome; that, being employed and having work to live, they might not be tempted to throw themselves away. GOD USED ME TO RECLAIM SEVERAL FROM THEIR DISORDERLY LIVES. I went to visit the sick to comfort them, to make their beds. I made ointment, dressed their wounds, buried their dead, furnished trunks and medicines wherewith to keep up their

father was already buried, on account of the excessive heat. As I was sick, not having taken any nourishment, I was put to bed.

About two in the morning my husband did not come to my chamber, returned presently, crying out, "My daughter is dead!" She was my only daughter, dearly beloved, and she was found in my arms, both of body and mind, one must have been insensible not to have loved her. She had an extraordinary love to God. She was always found in corners at prayer. As soon as she preceded me at prayer, she came and joined; and if she discovered I had been without, she would whisper and cry, "Ah, mamma, you pray, but I don't." When we were alone and she saw my eyes closed, she'd whisper, "Are you asleep?" and then cry out, "Ah, no,

The venerable Father Lewall once entered a missionary meeting just as the collectors were taking their seats. The chairman of the meeting requested him to pray. The old gentleman stood hesitating. The request was repeated louder. Still no response; but the aged man felt in his pocket, took out some money, and put it in the contribution box.

The Chairman, thinking he had not understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask you to give, Father Lewall, I only asked you to pray."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I heard, but I couldn't pray till I had given something."



# Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Positions Little Altered this Week—The Eastern Star Overtakes Bennett—The Rear Strengthening.

The gathering of officers at Toronto for councils has, to some extent, interfered with the regular reporting of the hustlers in the three Ontario Provinces, therefore it is easily understood why these Provinces show a considerable decrease in the number of hustlers reported.

Puckmire has overtaken Bennett, who now is fourth in the list. Still, this week is hardly a fair one to make comparison. So we shall wink at the omission of some hustlers' returns and modify our remarks.

We cannot, however, pass by the evident increase of hustlers in the Pacific, the North-West and the New-foundland Provinces. The increase is not striking, but is steady, and we have every hope that we shall be in a position to double the space for the list of hustlers reported from these parts.

## CHAMPION HUSTLERS' ROLL.

|                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. C. Allen, Westville, N. S.       | 243 |
| Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown, P. E. I. | 240 |
| Capt. Hollman, London, Ont.            | 230 |
| Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.          | 225 |
| Capt. L. Wilson, St. Albans, Vt.       | 219 |
| Cadet Taylor, St. John I. N. B.        | 157 |
| Sister Pearce, Temple                  | 156 |
| Sister Lewis, Victoria, B. C.          | 155 |
| Lieut. McFarlane, Prescott, Ont.       | 154 |
| Lieut. Hockin, Brantford, Ont.         | 153 |
| Ensign Collett, Brantford, Ont.        | 152 |
| Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville         | 151 |
| Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall, Ont.         | 150 |
| Cand. D. Lord, Pictou, N. S.           | 143 |
| Capt. Green, Brockville, Ont.          | 142 |
| Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II, N. S.   | 141 |
| Mrs. A. G. McAmmond, Kingston, Ont.    | 138 |
| Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa                  | 136 |
| Capt. Howering, Grace Bay, C. B.       | 135 |
| Mrs. Sergt. Rock, Chatham, Ont.        | 134 |
| Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg, Ont.        | 163 |
| Capt. Connors, Morrisburg, Ont.        | 164 |
| Lieut. Tracey, Montreal                | 165 |
| Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.             | 166 |
| Sister M. Graham, Halifax, N. S.       | 167 |

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

56 Hustlers.

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| CAPT. HELLMAN, London          | 230 |
| MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock        | 225 |
| Lieut. Hockin, Brantford       | 155 |
| Ensign Collett, Brantford      | 153 |
| Mrs. Sergt. M. Rock, Chatham   | 154 |
| Lieut. Flocke, Wallaceburg     | 150 |
| Lieut. Pye, Petrolia           | 85  |
| Sergt. Cortie Yeomans, Chatham | 80  |
| Capt. Cockerill, Forest        | 75  |
| Lieut. Copehugh, Stratford     | 74  |
| Jessie Cough, Stratford        | 73  |
| Sergt. Grace Craft, Chatham    | 67  |
| Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg   | 63  |
| Mrs. Boxhall, Windsor          | 62  |
| Sister L. Poulter, Windsor     | 65  |
| Ensign Gamble, Petrolia        | 63  |
| Sister D. Bond, Wingham        | 57  |
| Mrs. Martin, St. Catharines    | 54  |
| Cand. A. B. Carley, Ridgeway   | 51  |
| Capt. Siote, Ingersoll         | 52  |
| Lieut. Beach, Seaforth         | 54  |
| Adj. Combs, London             | 69  |
| Sister M. Stuster, Berlin      | 45  |
| Capt. Stevens, Stratford       | 43  |
| Lieut. Cann, Dresden           | 43  |
| Sergt. Palmer, London          | 40  |
| Cand. L. Ringler, Ridgeway     | 40  |
| Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas  | 38  |
| Sergt. R. Palmer, Blenheim     | 37  |
| Auntie Wright, Ingersoll       | 37  |
| Sergt. Love, Seaforth          | 36  |
| Sergt. M. Wilson, Tilbury      | 33  |
| Capt. P. Burton, Windsor       | 33  |
| Capt. Cox, Essex               | 33  |
| Capt. McLeod, Ridgeway         | 33  |
| Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London     | 30  |
| Capt. G. Pynn, Chatham         | 30  |
| Sister Humphreys, Blenheim     | 29  |
| Ensign Bule, Seaforth          | 28  |
| Sister H. Erb, Berlin          | 26  |
| Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London     | 25  |
| Mrs. Cutting, Essex            | 25  |
| Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim         | 25  |
| Adj. Archibald, Stratford      | 25  |
| Capt. Dowell, Tilbury          | 24  |
| Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham        | 23  |
| Sergt. Knapp, Ingersoll        | 24  |
| Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg         | 23  |
| Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas         | 22  |
| Ensign McKenna, Berlin         | 22  |
| Capt. Hely, Essex              | 21  |
| Bro. Pinnell, London           | 20  |
| Lottie Cannon, Ingersoll       | 20  |
| Sergt. Lennox, Ingersoll       | 20  |
| Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin   | 20  |

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

|                            |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Sister Pearce, Temple      | 156 |
| Ensign Fox, St. Catharines | 90  |

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Sister Medlock, Temple             | 76 |
| Lieut. Wadge, Riverside            | 64 |
| Lieut. Matthews, Sunbury           | 60 |
| Lieut. Copper, Barrie              | 61 |
| Capt. M. Pailling, Aurora          | 55 |
| Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines | 51 |
| Bro. Dixon, Temple                 | 20 |
| Sister Currell, Temple             | 50 |
| Mr. Cass, Hamilton I.              | 50 |
| Capt. Brant, Dovercourt            | 51 |
| Capt. Creamer, Midland             | 70 |
| Sergt.-Major Bone, Barrie          | 60 |
| Capt. Wilson, Gravenhurst          | 49 |
| Ensign Cameron, Riverside          | 43 |
| Sergt.-Major Bowerman, Newmarket   | 45 |
| Cadet Levitt, Richmond St.         | 45 |
| Capt. W. White, Feversham          | 45 |
| Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa             | 45 |
| Capt. Stohler, Riverside           | 40 |
| Sister Currell, Riverside          | 38 |
| Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.         | 32 |
| Cadet Churchill, Richmond St.      | 31 |
| Capt. A. Nelson, Omemee            | 28 |
| Lieut. Marshall, Omemee            | 27 |
| Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I.       | 27 |
| Cadet Cooper, Lippincott           | 26 |
| Cadet Bone, Lippincott             | 25 |
| Capt. Cook, Lippincott             | 25 |
| Sergt.-Major Brady, Temple         | 25 |
| Lieut. Cornish, Oakville           | 25 |
| Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge            | 25 |
| Sister L. Pollard, Oakville        | 25 |
| Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge            | 21 |
| Sergt. Grey, Midland               | 25 |
| Bro. Thompson, Sudbury             | 25 |
| Sergt.-Major Mrs. Dyker, Orillia   | 15 |
| Lieut. McLennan, Orillia           | 25 |
| Capt. McDougall, Orillia           | 24 |
| Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.           | 24 |

WE ALWAYS TRY  
TO PLEASE.



Winter is Coming on and we are Ready

## SPLENDID VALUES IN OVERCOATING

| Entirely New Lines. | Guaranteed Fast Color.   |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
|                     | Without Cape. With Cape. |
| Worsted, No. 563    | \$20 00 \$26 00          |
| " " 1891            | 19 00 25 00              |
| " " 4777            | 18 00 23 50              |
| " " 4621            | 17 00 22 00              |
| " " 494             | 16 00 21 00              |
| Frieze              | 14 00 19 00              |

## WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE

For Winter Use.

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#### FOR MEN

|                                            |        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece | \$0 50 |
| " " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece       | 0 70   |
| " " Alaska, " " "                          | 1 00   |
| Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and           | 0 30   |

#### FOR LADIES.

|                                          |        |
|------------------------------------------|--------|
| Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair | \$1 00 |
| " Starter " Vests, each, 25c. and        | 0 50   |
| Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and     | 0 40   |
| Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and   | 0 50   |

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are convinced you will give us your order. Respectfully.

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Sister S. Pitcher, Sydney      | 36 |
| Sergt. Allen, St. John III.    | 35 |
| Bro. Read, St. John I.         | 35 |
| Capt. Pierce, Houlton, Me.     | 33 |
| Sergt.-Major Harding, Yarmouth | 33 |
| Sergt. Rodgers, Windsor        | 30 |
| Lieut. A. McIvor, St. Sages    | 30 |
| Sister Worthy, Woodstock       | 30 |
| Capt. Movers, Bear River       | 30 |
| Lieut. Payne, Bear River       | 30 |
| Lieut. Held, Kentville         | 29 |
| Mrs. Pitts, Parrsboro          | 28 |
| Cadet Semberton, St. John I.   | 27 |
| Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.     | 25 |
| Mrs. Mayhew, Charlottetown     | 25 |
| Sergt. Faulkner, Windsor       | 20 |
| Sister Holden, Windsor         | 20 |
| Sister E. White, Houlton, Me.  | 20 |
| Capt. Campbell, Kentville      | 20 |
| Bro. Archeson, St. John I.     | 20 |

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| CAPT. L. WILSON, St. Albans         | 210 |
| Lieut. McFarlane, Prescott          | 150 |
| Ensign Walker, Belleville           | 125 |
| Lieut. Hatcher, Cornwall            | 116 |
| Capt. Green, Brockville             | 112 |
| Capt. Adlt. McAmmond, Kingston      | 108 |
| Sergt. Dwyer, Essex                 | 106 |
| Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg           | 105 |
| Capt. Connors, Morrisburg           | 104 |
| Lieut. Tracey, Montreal             | 103 |
| Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.          | 102 |
| Capt. Crogo, Sunbury                | 91  |
| Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa                | 92  |
| Ensign Parker, Quebec               | 85  |
| Lieut. Woods, Napawan               | 80  |
| Capt. Fulton, Newport               | 75  |
| Adj. Burditt, Montreal              | 75  |
| Capt. Chappell, Deseronto           | 74  |
| Ensign Beardsell, Nanawau           | 64  |
| Capt. Banks, Barre, Vt.             | 63  |
| Sergt. Rogers, Montreal             | 63  |
| Capt. Williams, Pembroke            | 63  |
| Lieut. Williams, Pembroke           | 63  |
| Lieut. Latimer, Brighton            | 50  |
| Ensign Walker, Belleville           | 50  |
| Sergt. Thompson, Belleville         | 45  |
| Adj. Amy Norman, Napawan            | 45  |
| Sergt.-Major Mrs. Simmons, Kingston | 45  |
| Adj. Bradley, Cornwall              | 41  |
| McAmmond, Kingston                  | 41  |
| Adj. Nyland, Odessa                 | 38  |
| Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston        | 37  |
| Sergt. Lewis, Montreal              | 36  |
| Bro. Hugh McDonald, Kingston        | 36  |
| Capt. Batten, Bloomfield            | 36  |
| Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall      | 35  |
| Capt. Liddell, Montreal             | 35  |
| Mrs. Doan, Prescott                 | 35  |
| Sister Waugh, Ottawa                | 26  |
| Cand. Hood, Montreal                | 20  |
| Sister Suddard, Kingston            | 20  |
| Bro. J. Amark, Sunbury              | 20  |
| Sister McDonald, Sunbury            | 20  |
| Bro. Arch McDonald, Sunbury         | 20  |
| Bro. J. Kelly, Sunbury              | 20  |
| Sergt. Root, Belleville             | 20  |

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.

|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Cadet Russell, Winnipeg           | 78 |
| Sister McNaab, Portage la Prairie | 75 |
| Cadet Hagen, Winnipeg             | 75 |
| Cadet Brand, Rat Portage          | 55 |
| Capt. Clark, Minot                | 49 |
| Lieut. Lizzie Bussan, Lethbridge  | 50 |
| Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg            | 49 |
| Cadet Gwilt, Winnipeg             | 49 |
| Lieut. Flaws, Valley City         | 43 |
| Capt. Graham, Minot               | 43 |
| Ensign E. Hayes, Fargo            | 40 |
| Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg       | 40 |
| Sarah Crawford, Valley City       | 35 |
| Cadet Kryler, Rat Portage         | 32 |
| Cand. M. Underwood, Rat Portage   | 32 |
| Mrs. Adj. Gale, Rat Portage       | 32 |
| Cadet Wick, Winnipeg              | 31 |
| Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg       | 30 |
| Capt. Charlton, Fargo             | 25 |
| Capt. Hobbirk, Portage la Prairie | 25 |
| Cadet Adams, Rat Portage          | 25 |
| Cand. Hoopner, Valley City        | 20 |
| Bro. Silver, Valley City          | 20 |

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

15 Hustlers.

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Sister Lewis, Victoria       | 154 |
| Lieut. G. Morris, Rossland   | 92  |
| Capt. Knell, Nelson          | 85  |
| Capt. Thorildson, Nanaimo    | 80  |
| Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace   | 67  |
| Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Kallispell | 66  |
| Capt. Lester, Rossland       | 65  |
| Ensign Stanbury, Anacostia   | 50  |
| Lieut. Langill, Missoula     | 48  |

praying to our Jesus," and in her knees, would begin to She was innocent, modest, dearing and beautiful. Her ed on her, and to me she more for the qualities of than her beautiful person, ny consolation; for she had ion for me, as her brother ion. She died of an un- bleeding. mained to me only, the son ow. He fell ill to the point but, was restored at the Mother Granger, now my lation after God. I no more child than for my father. In July, 1872, from hunces- tea were not spared m. y. I only the shadows of th. s. I passed through, puruant lace contract which I had ed into with Christ. In al marriage; I claimed for y only cross, scourges, h, ignominies lowliness, and s of self, which in His great for wise ends. He has sd to grant me. (To be continued.)

WORK FOR THE POOR S, IN THE NINETEENTH AN OBJECT LESSON OF CHING OF CHRIST IN T. IT IS, AS WAS SAID OF THE ADLEST OF VIO HAVE CONSIDERED INDOW ON TO EARTH I WHICH THE LIGHT OF LD IS SHINING.' HELP Chief-of-the-Staff.

## POWER.

Lord, even me: Lord, Power d.see. d. o. me. I was running through my o. until I felt th fountain essing was open upon me. I this kind came to me: I utter what kind of p. o. p. o. w. alous we possess, or what we have; we may all p. o. v. of that dear old course, Lord, even me, Lord, let 'thy nd on me.' Others may ruse a way of achiev. me. I, and led in consequence of this, ing we seem to do we fall in I may make us believe that, led with the S. rit of God we then all the isabets we s. At th. ability to speak a meeting go, to be able to nly, or play an instrument, al there are none of these oh can take the name th. tried lie. Oh, for it. Thank God, for the consolation, or the har- perplexing difficulties, or d and one ways th. d. v. besetting your track, cannot untold blessing of God to through y. our veins. Then, dinate the value o. it? or as we followers of God be equips us for our work with men and women for I keeps the faithful of our drying up. Oh, how much put forth in al they do sh. and beautiful, out. o. a. we go through; but do you, s. lay yourself out; before t. I'm satiate your vety th and through? Or, have ye, had the p.w.r. from on you? If you have not, nill God has come in, o. you rty rushing wind," and you Even me, Lord, even me, by power descends on me," one meeting you and with of the Holy One testing I accomplish more for God hun hundreds without. I u will see everybody in the ing to the p. nient form, rle will "meet." d. d. says, days I will pour out My al flesh." He waits to pon you now. P. H. B.

able Father Lewall ones missionary meeting just as s were taking th. r. s. ata. n of the meeting requested The old gentleman stood The request was repeated no response; but the ag. d his pocket, took out some put it in the contribution

nan, thinking he had not said loudly, "I didn't ask Father Lewall, I only pray." was the reply, "I heard, I pray till I had given



Tunes.—Eaton (B.J. 187): Euphony (B.J. 188); Sovereignty (B.J. 229); Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Give me the faith that can remove  
And sink the mountains to a plain;  
Give me the childlike, praying love  
That longs to build Thy home again.  
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,  
And all my simple soul devout.

I would the precious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone;  
To spend and to be spent for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known  
And turn them to a pard'ning God,  
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,  
Into Thy blessed hands receive;  
And let me live to preach Thy word,  
And let me to Thy glory live.  
My every sacred moment spend,  
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

#### My Shepherd

Tune.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 159; S.M. 1, 105, 88).

2 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where Thou art.  
The pasture I longish to find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey  
Are fed, on Thy bounteous feed,  
And screened from the heat of day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,  
The place of Thy people's abode;  
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God.  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest;  
To life at the foot of the Rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart;  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held to Thy heart.

#### Since Jesus Came to Stay.

3 Come, listen unto me,  
And a story I will tell;  
How Jesus Christ the Son of God  
Came in my heart to dwell.  
For by His mighty power,  
He's taken my sins away;  
And I have a life that's filled with joy,  
Since Jesus came to stay.

#### Chorus.

Oh, oh, what a happy day,  
When Jesus came to stay;  
For though my sins were crimson red,  
He's taken them right away.

Before my Saviour came  
I was always getting down;  
The least thing put my temper out,  
And a trifle made me frown.  
But the devil has cleared right out,  
And taken his trans away,  
And I have a joy without alloy,  
Since Jesus came to stay.

Since Jesus came to stay  
The devil has lost his grip;  
I'll sail no more on his sinking barque,  
I'm sailing in the Gospel Ship.  
She's rigged in splendid style,  
In the true salvation way,  
And folks on board are singing all  
The time.  
Since Jesus came to stay.

For the Lord Jesus Christ is the pilot  
on board,  
And He knows the river quite well;  
And there never was a snag or a sand-  
bar there,  
Of which the blessed Lord couldn't  
tell.  
When He's up there at the wheel, you  
can always safely feel  
There will never be the devil to pay;  
Get your baggage on the deck;  
Don't forget to get your check,  
For you can't steal aboard and hide  
away.

#### Solo.

Tunes.—Silver threads (B.J. 19); In  
the gloaming; Let me love Thee,  
Saviour (B.J. 154).

5 Christ has died on Calvary,  
Died to save you from your sin,  
Died that you might be forgiven,  
Died that you might heaven win.  
For He loved your soul, so precious,  
That He came and died for you.  
Oh, come to Him, love and serve Him,  
For He has done so much for you.

Chorus.  
Come to Jesus sinner, take Him as  
your Saviour.  
He will fail you never; oh, let the  
Saviour in.

For the Saviour now is waiting,  
Waiting now to save your soul;  
He will pardon and forgive you,  
Wash you, cleanse and make you  
whole.  
He will cleanse you. He will keep you,  
If you only trust in Him.  
Come just now and He will save you.  
Come and let the Saviour in.  
Mrs. R. C. Goodrich, Md.

#### They are Coming Home to Jesus.

6 They are coming to the Saviour,  
they are turning from the  
wrong,  
They are bringing hearts and souls  
by sin enslaved;  
Oh, ye angels hovering o'er us, hark,  
the news along in song,  
They are coming home to Jesus to  
be saved.

They are coming home to Jesus to be  
saved,  
They are coming home to Jesus to be  
saved,  
They are coming home,  
They are coming home,  
They are coming home to be saved.

## NEXT WEEK!

### SPECIAL

# SELF-DENIAL NUMBER

OF

## THE WAR CRY.

YOU MUST GET A COPY!

Its Chief Feature will be . . .

## "CHARITY,"

. . . An Article from the Masterly  
Pen of THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, illustrated by  
a large reproduction of a Famous Painting.

They have heard the Spirit calling,  
calling, calling yet in vain,  
Now they seek to part from sins that  
have enslaved.  
Oh, Thou precious loving Saviour, help  
them in the way to night!  
They are coming home to Jesus to  
be saved.

Does that man who is a sinner going  
with the sinful throng,  
Does he see the danger signal o'er  
him waved?  
Will he join the friends and loved ones  
who have prayed and waited long  
For his coming home to Jesus to  
be saved?

#### Salvation.

Tune.—Sovereignty (B. B. 21; S. M.  
1, 435).

7 Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs He then on yonder  
tree?  
What means that strange, inspiring  
cry?

Sinners, He prays for you and me—  
Forgive them, Father, oh, to give!  
They know not that by Me they live!

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee, by Thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and  
shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy priceless death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my  
tears,  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening  
sound,  
Since I, even I, have mercy found.



#### The Territorial Secretary.

### Lieut.-Colonel Margot

Will visit the following places in the

#### NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

WINNIPEG, Saturday to Wed. day,  
Nov. 5 to 7.  
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Thurs. Nov.  
10.  
CARBERRY, Friday, November 11.  
BRANDON, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 12, 13.  
REGINA, Monday, November 14.  
CALGARY, Wednesday, November 16.  
VANCOUVER, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,  
Nov. 19, 20, 21.  
NEW WESTMINSTER, Tues., Nov.  
22.  
VICTORIA, Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 23,  
24.  
SPOKANE, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Nov.  
27, 28, 29.  
NELSON, Wed., Nov. 30.  
MISSOULA, Fri., Dec. 2.  
BLITTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3,  
4, 5.  
HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.  
LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.  
BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.  
JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec.  
11, 12.  
GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.  
FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

#### MRS. BRIGADIER READ,

Women's Social Secretary,  
will visit

Hamilton, Nov. 10. (Farewell and in-  
stallation of Rescue Home Maroons)  
Pictou, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 12,  
13, 14.  
Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 15,  
16, 17.  
St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.  
Dartmouth, Thurs., Dec. 15.  
Bairre, Fri., Dec. 16.  
Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,  
Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new  
Women's Shelter.)

#### EASTERN PROVINCE.

#### Brigadier Pugmire's Proposed Tour

Yarmouth, Saturday and Sunday, Nov.  
12th and 13th.  
Windsor, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers  
and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Halifax, Tuesday, Nov. 15th. (Officers  
and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Springhill, Wednesday, Nov. 16th. (Of-  
ficers and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Moncton, Thursday, Nov. 17th. (Officers  
and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Newcastle, Friday, Nov. 18th. (Officers  
and Soldiers' Councils.)

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